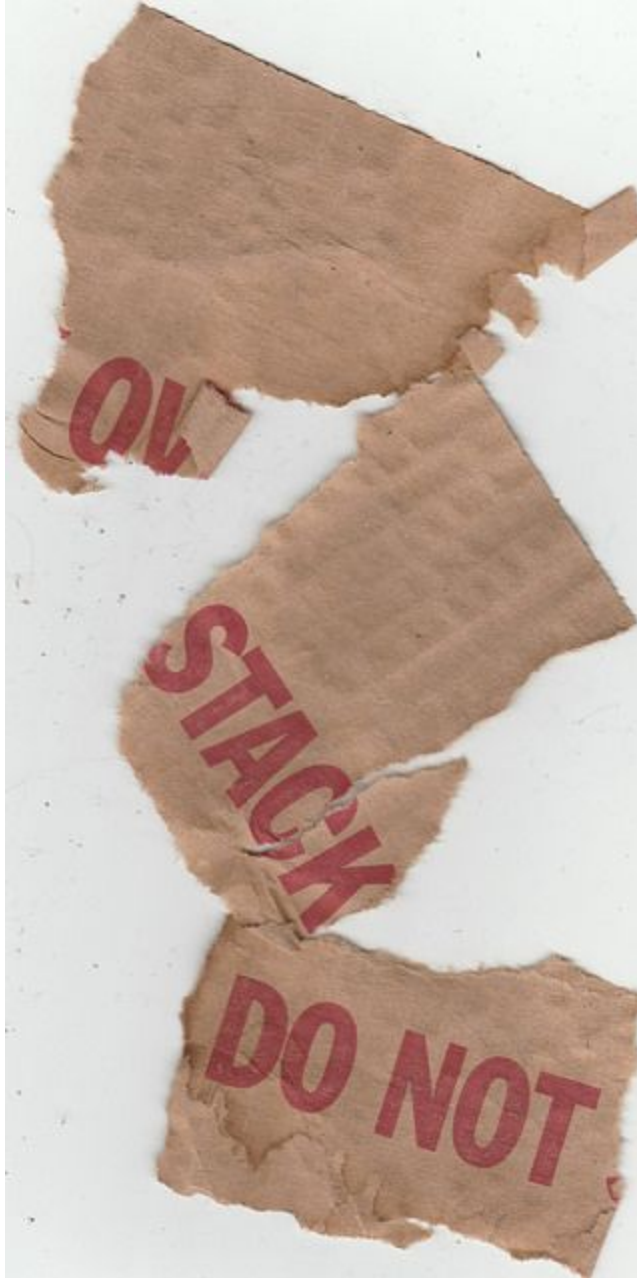


SUBJECTIVE MUTAGENIC POETICS

Jim Leftwich



2016

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"diffused meaning" -- responses to Peter Ganick concerning Doubt and Myesis
2002

P Ganick wrote:

hi jim....

i think the essay is mostly completed. it's about the book DOUBT. what i'm wondering is if i ought to include anything about the sequel that youve written. or, what do you want to say about the sequel? is the sequel necessary to a reader's experience of DOUBT? would some knowledge of it, enhance an essay about DOUBT?

Doubt made Myesis possible. beyond that, my time spent writing Doubt made my writing of Myesis necessary.

as i remember i began making notes for Myesis in january of 97, 6 months before i finished, or stopped, working on Doubt.

i thought at the time i could write a text the reading of which would certainly change a reader. Myesis was to be that text. i would still like to think this, but it's much harder now than it was in 97. writing Doubt changed me, and writing Myesis even more so. i know what writing this way can do. i don't know what reading this kind of writing might do.

Myesis is unfinished, and i have no plans for returning to it. i stopped midway through an elaborate revision, having lost my ability to believe i could produce what i had desired for its readers, and knowing i had achieved for myself what i wanted from the writing.

knowing this, and what follows here, might assist in an understanding of Doubt. beyond that, Myesis in many ways will likely replicate Doubt as a reading experience, and though it is more calculated and complex, it is probably much less successful as a text.

The end of Doubt:

- Elemental mentations muddle apart the seams.
- Throughout the logos itself a feathered science of law.
- Striations report the pure allure of an inner cosmos.

The beginning of Myesis:

Prolegomena
agape

but not by the word of love alone.

Once a utopian poetry is appropriated as aesthetic value, envied when the wind forgives the will in friendship, mysticism as experience is post-apocalyptic subjectivity: this is where we live. Mysticism freed of mysticism, the study of vocables as political instantiation.

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Carl Kerényi: "Myesis can be rendered by the Latin word *initia*, 'beginnings,' or its derivative *initatio*, or initiation, signifying introduction into the secret. For myesis comes from the verb *myeo* which denotes the action. The simpler verb *myo*, from which the noun derives, implies the element of secrecy. It means nothing other than 'to close,' as the eyes do after seeing. The self-evident first object of this verb is the subject itself: he closes himself after the manner of a flower. But a second object is also possible, which must be very close to the subject, his very own possession."

Carl Kerényi: "In the first half of the fifth century before Christ the myesis was still held each month in the courtyard of the house of the highest initiation, the Telesterion of Eleusis, so called because here the goal, the telos, was attained. Teleo, 'to initiate,' is derived from this noun, and telete, a general term for the celebration of mysteries or similar rites, is related to the same root. Originally the myesis which preceded participation in the telete of Eleusis was not connected with the mysteries celebrated by the Ilissos. However, a connection was established in time, and accordingly the mysteries of Agrai came to be called the Lesser or Little Mysteries in contradistinction to the Great Mysteries of Eleusis."

The text of Myesis runs to 345 pages, 8.5 x 11. The following appears on page 185:

mystikos

With Bataille we arrive at the end of gnosis. Gnosis is the celebration of not having ventured completely enough into the boundaries. Isn't it clear by now that one must have already gone too far before one is able to say that one has gone anywhere at all? Too far is the beginning. In order to experience Being, one must begin by already having gone too far. Chance fate feel other catch napping noise. It's not a sentence, it's a list. A word is a sentence, sentence, present tense. Black sopping peat surge ferns gulf. Quiet drowns jingles blear. Harm feet dragged words smoke sensation complain muffled buried snow. Warmth drowse voices cold eating wet. When I stopped counting, I started writing prose. World nor abolished genre is so

much severance it constitutes the generous nobility of all mankind. Fallen unexpectedly against the ground, an expression of self on his face, avatar concealed in the extension of the grasp. Men rust him, his cheek, pirouette of the head, against renown to donate drifts of a cerebral mayhem. Unbroken complications of solitude lure knowledge, fictional breath mistaken, in men becoming heroic fears notwithstanding the gravity of their acts. Self is placement and an excess of aim, which in the relating of its nature consists in a perfunctory propitious sublimity, observations of the eye. Let us take the circuits of letters as the poetical sword grief in the word, why a need for this history of time in its highest location. Why need is a gift of health, fire of uncommon mentation made with reels of prolix light, escape from this substance is the elixir of night. (We are only totally laid bare by proceeding without trickery to the unknown. It is the measure of the unknown which lends to the experience of God -- or of the poetic -- their great authority. But the unknown demands in the end sovereignty without partition. -- Bataille) Language cannot keep up. I will have more to say, but you can recognize in this an end to saying, an end to both will and ability within language. We begin already beyond the utility of thinking, so that any excursion into writing is a return to inexperience. We live in language neither entirely nor always but we are unable to tell this as language. Earlier today I abandoned this project, the 30th day of December, 1997. I come home renewed by my inability to continue. It is Bataille who opens the emptiness to an unknown which may sustain us. At the moment of clarity in complete defeat I am aware of the reason for continued writing. No possible strategy of reading will duplicate as discovery this necessity of a discipline to carry through to its completion.

I will no longer write for readers.

At the point of greatest trickery I surrender to the sustenance of abandonment.

|||||

Replies to Peter Ganick's Questions

1. How much of the 'consciously creative' activity of DOUBT is concerned with content? How much is concerned with language? Another way of saying this might be: do you see the book as referential?

Selection of vocabulary would determine as it were a field of content to be explored. "An Essay on Nothing" employs a vocabulary derived from critical essays on poetry, while "Things" is built around the vocabulary of alchemy. The writing occurred as recombinative letteral improvisation during a very methodical reading of the vocabulary at hand. The sundry vocabularies used as sources and triggers were gathered from materials I was reading at the time. After reading a text, I would tear the pages into small strips, then scatter and shuffle them on my desk. When writing I would select from these strips, and proceed line by line, searching through the small words and word-fragments for suggestions of other words, from which I would construct sentences around rhythmic sound patterns. Content occurs in the resulting texts, and at times it seems almost conventionally constructed. Some of the sentences almost seem to be straight statements of fact. The form of the aphorism is utilized to excess as a means of destabilizing this perception.

A friend once asked me if I had written Doubt to "thwart sense". The answer is a qualified yes. It was written to thwart what passes under normative circumstances for "sense". If it succeeds at this, it will offer the reader options other than the normative production of sense. That set of possibilities is perhaps the "content" sought in the consciously creative activity of writing Doubt.

During the writing I was concerned with language as primarily letters and sounds. One line on a strip might contain 10 or 12 letters. By reading it frontwards, backwards, "inside-out", and simultaneously in several combinations of these paths, skipping and/or adding letters as desired and/or suggested, I could generate maybe 10 or 12 words, sometimes more, from a single line.

So, was I primarily concerned with the production of content while writing Doubt? No. Is it referential? Yes. Is it content-laden? Very much so.

2. How would you like a reader to approach DOUBT?

A few months ago I sent Ross Priddle a copy of the book. Last week I received a package from him with a note scrawled on the envelope saying he had gotten to page 75. I wrote the following in my letter responding to him: i think you might be reading doubt exactly as it should be read, at the rate of roughly a page a day. the book is not ever going to make any rational, linear sense, and it was written at roughly the rate of one 8.5 x 11 page a day, so it makes a kind of appropriate "sense" to read it as a discontinuous series of fragments. if it holds together at all, it's probably because of a few stylistic decisions arrayed around my personal tastes in rhythm. It took roughly 14 months to write Doubt. During that time I worked on it for 5 or 6 hours a day, every day except for 3, when my wife talked me into going to the beach and leaving my computer at home. The order of the chapters and the sections within those chapters is as written. The "fit" of the title of the final chapter is explained by the fact that I was ready for the book to be finished (primarily because I was already making notes for its "sequel"). Other than the fact that it is a book, bound and sequenced, there is no compelling reason for reading it front to back. The chapters can be read in any order, and for the most part the sections within chapters could be read in any order. If I were to construct an artificial sequencing for the book,

to supplant the arbitrary order in which it now appears, I would probably choose "Things" as the opening chapter. The contrivance would serve to insist on the alchemical vocabulary of that chapter, and thus at least an expectation of alchemical content, to be of primary significance in a reading of the book.

3. Can you specify some qualities a reader might get from DOUBT? Or, if it is not direct content that you are trying to convey, what is it? Does 'communication' play a role in the book?

Some of what we call reality, whether it be consensual or socially-constructed or improbably subjective, is an invention of our engagement with our language. Language as normatively encountered provides a relatively stable site within which we are able to generate and sustain certain aspects of our worlds. When that site is destabilized, we are provided opportunities during which we might glimpse ourselves in the process of creating our realities. All it takes is a glimpse, and the game is over. We'll keep on doing it, but we'll know we're doing it. That transforms things, perhaps alchemically. I'm trying to present a textual "territory" in which these opportunities are available almost at every turn. This, then, instead of content, but not as something I'm trying to convey. It isn't something I'm trying to communicate, with authorial authority however ambiguously and obliquely offered. What I am saying here means nothing to anyone who has only heard it. So I'm not trying to say it in the text. And I'm not exactly trying to do it or be it as an alternative to saying it. I'm offering a space, a time and space, in which readers just might find an opportunity to do it themselves.

I've been pondering deleting this last paragraph. I suspect we have to be taken by surprise. The walls are thick, or maybe it's that our guards are up and are stronger than ourselves. I've been pondering the possibility that to even tentatively explain this is to destroy its chances of occurring.

Those who accept this will quite likely know it and have no need of it. Those who don't accept it are still susceptible to the surprise.

The title alone should let everyone know the book will be about belief.

4. Can you specify anything about your intent in writing DOUBT?

Doubt isn't a work of literature -- I wish I could make this so simply by asserting it. It will be contextualized as literature, and hide there, reside there. After only 2 years out in the world I suspect it has already become literature. But just so folks will know, although this statement will exist as only another instance of an author being wrong about his work, I had intended to write something other than literature. So, please dismiss any perceived realities of lineage and/or context: they are now and will continue to be significantly misleading. Read Doubt as something other than literature. If I ever read it again, I'll read it as a historical document, either some kind of obsessive asemic journal, or the record of a ritual performed to substitute for human sacrifice.

Jim Leftwich
03.03.02

|||||

peter

your essay came in the mail today. thank you very much. i think you are right on target.
i too think of Doubt as "a long prose poem". the choices made during its writing were those of a poet.

Doubt was written improvisationally, but by no means randomly. the choices made were based upon relations of sounds and letters.

when looking at and listening to units of language smaller than words i find myself encountering aggregates of words with interrelated meanings. cognates and etymological strings come into play, as well as prefixed and suffixed variations on the root. from one letter string i might derive "erupt", "corruption" and "rupture", for example, and from another "substance", "distant", and "instantiate". once a set of associations is triggered, the additional words become source material for associative improvisations.

when working with strips of text cut from a sheet or page i would often come upon lines similar to the following: "aslant. Disp". let's say for now that i disregard whatever might be above or below this line on the strip, and from the available sounds and letters produce "distant". and let's say i am in mid-sentence when this line comes into play, and the adjective "distant" isn't what i need at the moment. perhaps i need a noun. so "distance" becomes my next choice. let's say that doesn't work either. i'll try "substance", see if that fits, if not how about "stance", not that either, then maybe "glance" or "dance" or "substrate". or maybe i need a verb, like "to distance", or some variation on that, or "instantiate", or "substantiate", or maybe "ingratiolate", "subtract", or "tangle".

you write, "the closest one can come to determining if a subject matter is being discussed is its occurrence in a closely-related vocabulary". not only is this a process required for a reading, it is very close to the process used in the writing of the text.

when you write "he is exact in the words chosen. They have purpose", you are right, but the pathway from blank page to text is not the one conventionally used during "free composition". it seems to me a wider spectrum of thinking might be required in this kind of composition than in conventional methods.

i don't know what i am going to write at the beginning of any sentence, but i am not going to allow "mero40ef,mr2r["", or nine unrelated nouns sequenced for no reason. not knowing what i am going to write doesn't mean i am not going to write what i think.

some declarative sentences in Doubt make statements i personally do not hold to be true, but i will hold them up as worthy of consideration and investigation -- particularly given the context of this book.

what you call a "diffused meaning" in one of my sentences seems exact to me. it is an inevitable result of the process used in composing the sentences. if a sentence can be thought of conventionally as a form of linear expression, your term "diffused meaning" is a precise description of the non-linearity of many of the sentences in Doubt.

this takes us back to your description of the book as having "the characteristics of a philosophical text, a religious text, a meditation on the position of the author in relation to her/his work". "doubt" is not so much the content, or the subject matter of the book, as it is the statement of a stand point as regards any content in any book. or, even more expansively, a statement of a stand point as concerns the nature of reading, or interpretation, itself, whether in the context of a book or in the context of a world.

the movement from considerations of philosophy to those of spirituality seems to me a logical or even inevitable one. philosophical thinking opens to inclusivity. as more is thought, the spectrum made available for thinking is increased. ancient questions concerning the experiential and the real expand to include an ever widening range of opportunities for each. if we allow the real and the experiential to converge, and if we take as a given the methodology of doubt (or, as ken harris once put it in referring to my writings, "the poetics of doubt"), then everything is permitted as an opportunity for thinking.

then the question arises as to the relation of experience to thought. here, concepts of the real and the experiential may once again diverge. questions of the relations of thinking to experience, and of thinking to the real, and the myriad of variations upon these questions, become bracketed as a subset of the questions concerning the relations of language to thinking, to experience, and to the real.

you write, "meaning becomes relational, not consecutive or narrative, despite the prose poem 'look' to the book". one of my intentions was to write a deceptive, or duplicitous, book. the "essay on nothing" might be thought of as a writing against itself, a writing which undermines itself, which contests its own statements through syntax and the displacement of vocabulary,

while posing as a critical or theoretical essay on poetry. "point blank" extends this duplicity to the form of a religious meditation (and the title might be roughly interpreted to mean something very similar to "essay on nothing", as direct as you get and at the same time devoid of a point). "nothing means nothing" extends this even further, to the point that the sentences often seem to fracture and collapse, as if disparate fragments are being collaged between the initial capital and the period. "nothing means nothing" is, grammatically and syntactically, a direct declarative sentence. semantically, it is two statements, and at least on the surface they seem incompatible.

03.29.02

|||||

Sonense

Visual sound:

marks -- letters -- phonemes -- syllables -- vocables -- words

1. not "speech"

2. not "music"

The signal is in the noise.

1996

|||||

notes from O!!ZONE Vizpo '96

dotted lines, arrows tracking adjustments

leading / font size

differential numbers arithmetical symbols (= signs, + signs, etc)

asemic lists

lists of consonants, vowels (repetitions) (cf. magical papyri)

corroded text

partial erasure (Rauschenberg's De Kooning) (also: sous rature)

overprinting

shaped text (round box, patterns, etc)

orthographic play (e.g., deliberate mis-spelling)

(torqued letters)

handwriting (legible or illegible) ("spirit writing")

calligraphy

cartoons

grids

straight-edge drawing

geometric shapes

doodling

black background / white text

landscape format

appropriated images ('found objects', texts or images)

palimpsest, pentimento

dictionaries, reference works

deliberately misleading definitions

mis-labeling

framing (extending text through and over frames)

multiple fonts, sizes, typefaces

homophony (phonemic improvisations)

mis-translations (transduction, homophonic translation)

pairing, duplication

skewed text (flip horizontal, vertical)

maps

Valeri Scherstjanoi, Vittore Baroni, Frederica Manfredini, Giancarlo Pavanello, Michele Perfetti,
Giovanni Trimeri, Andrey Repeshkod

into cubic melodies of proportion, then into abstract, asemic, centrifugal teaching, then into a
hand, which can be reduced to an even smaller

in idle fiendishness, iniquity of familiar amity, familial now tubular to the work, to be

1997

|||||

From: jim leftwich <jimleftwich@mac.com>
Date: October 24, 2005 11:53:46 AM EDT
To: Ralph Eaton <ralpheaton@cox.net>
Subject: onwords

THE ELVIS CLERT GALLERY
in the underground loft on lofton
hours by appointment only
contact jimleftwich@mac.com

http://ubu.clc.wvu.edu/concept/rauschenberg_portrait.html

|||||

Art History: Ephemera
for Aaron Bensen

In 1976 I was living on Trinity Ave in Greensboro with Pam Work. She was an artist. One day James Ward and I borrowed her easel and some paint, and set it up at one end of the front porch. We filled balloons with variously colored paint, walked to the other end of the porch, and threw the balloons at the canvas. They exploded into colorful bursts, ran down the canvas, and dripped onto the porch. Abstract expressionism made collaboratively still seems like a good idea to me.

In 1977 Pete Eckert was living in Madison Heights. One afternoon I went by to visit. I could hear what sounded like a raucous party going on inside. I let myself in and found Pete sitting cross-legged on the living room floor, surrounded by electrical appliances: a blender, a toaster, an electric can opener. An alarm clock was going off. Bob Dylan's "Desire" was on the record player. A radio was playing rock 'n' roll. Something I don't recall was in the tape player. Pete said he was having an "appliance party". We should have recorded it. I should recreate it, and record that: Pete Eckert's Appliance Party Sound Environment.

In 1981 Pete and I were roommates on Masonic St in San Francisco. One day he asked me to come look at his room. String was stretched taut from the ceiling to the floor, and from wall to wall. The entire space was a large 3-dimensional grid. Walking into it was like entering a large rectilinear spider's web. If I bent and twisted my body, I could move about, but the space seemed barely habitable.

The other night I asked to borrow some glue from my 14 year old stepson, Aaron. I had bought an imitation Cezanne still life at a flea market, and wanted to glue reproductions of two of Asger Jorn's defigurations to it. Aaron came in an hour or so later and asked me what I was doing. I showed him the new "painting" and told him a little about Cezanne and Jorn. When I bought the Cezanne imitation, I also bought a box of empty frames. Aaron asked what I planned to do with them. When I told him I had no plans for them, he suggested I put them inside one another and hang them from the ceiling. Then he suggested that I paint them. The best way to paint them, he said, would be to stand back a ways and fling paint at them. I told him the three anecdotes above.

08.28.01



Art History: Ephemera 2

In 1985 I proposed a poetry installation to the Art Gallery at San Francisco State

Install a revolving carousel in the corner of the gallery furthest from the entrance-way

It should look something like a Christmas tree or a large harlequin's hat

a large pole in the center 15 "tassels" of, perhaps, thick, woven wire, attached to the top, "drooping"

at the bottom end of each "tassel", a large clip for paper

Attach a sheet of paper to each clip

a poem should be written or typed on each sheet

all the poems should be lyric poems

each should address a specific topic derived from myth

When the gallery opens, the carousel should be in motion

Visitors should be allowed to enter one at a time

As each person enters, he or she should be handed a gun

it should be a small shotgun

the shells should contain plastic pellets

Each visitor gets one shot at the carousel

the goal is to destroy, as fully as possible, one of the sheets of paper

this process should continue until every sheet has been s been hit

After every sheet has been hit, the gallery should be opened to all

I will then read the remaining shreds of the poems

(A variant of this proposal would use my poems as "targets")

The proposal was rejected as being too dangerous

08.28.01

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Art History: Ephemera 3

In 1980-81 Ralph Eaton was working on a large collage he called "Dead Kennedys". We were living in San Francisco. Jello Biafra and The Dead Kennedys seemed omnipresent. I must have seen them 15 times, at a dozen different venues. Punk was very much alive, and one of its headquarters was The San Francisco Art Institute. Matchbook covers that were nearly as omnipresent as Biafra's band had a photograph of John F. Kennedy on the front. Ralph collected these, and some of us helped with the collection. He pasted them onto a large canvas. It seems that he worked on this piece for months. Finally, he had a complete "painting", made of nothing but those John F. Kennedy matchbook covers. An irreverent and nostalgic work, obsessively minimalist, it seemed more significantly a punk artwork than any screaming, violent performance piece.

One of punk's several centers was a quiet, reflective sadness, a sense of irretrievable loss. It often manifested publicly as anarchic rage and self-destructive arrogance. The "Dead Kennedys", as an artwork, seemed to offer an alternative to that desperate expressionistic fervor, expressionism in its sunset stage.

Punk, as a cultural phenomenon both popular and not, was a hybrid. Part modernist, part postmodernist, it was for many of us an initiation into methods of practice and modes of thought that we would later recognize as distinctively postmodern. Ralph's "Dead Kennedys" collage stands for me as a signpost, a doorway, marking not so much a personal entrance directly into the postmodern, as a largely unwilling and private exit from the heroic myths of modernism.

09.08.01

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attention is the natural prayer of the soul

When in a single issue of *Facture* both Hank Lazer and Norman Fischer quote Celan quoting Benjamin quoting Malebranche in an essay on Kafka that "attention is the natural prayer of the soul", we come face to face with the fact that thought belongs to no one, but is rather a currency from which all of us may pick and choose as we see fit. That we know as it were the genealogy of a certain thought tells us nothing about the thought itself, but rather gives evidence of the thinking that brings us into contact with that thought. The historicity in this context of the thought is not so much an event and an accompanying series of subsequent events as it is a quality of the current thinking, a characteristic of the specific current thinking that acts to give us the thought in its current historicized configuration. From now on I would think we all should feel permitted to assert that attention is the natural prayer of the soul as if we were the first to think of it.

08.09.01

|||||

RHYTHM (from e-mail to Tom Taylor)

the thing that gets left out most of the time when text and image are being discussed -- or presented -- is sound. when visual artists do text and image, we shouldn't expect sound. but when poets do it, seems to me we might justifiably insist on sound.

the new image-text work, just like a lot of the new text itself, seems mostly based in semiotics and linguistics. semiotics seems to de-emphasize syntax, thus permutations of rhythmic patterns can be ignored. and linguistics de-emphasizes the syllable and the letter, foregrounding phonemes and morphemes in their place, so once again sound patterns based either on speech or on thought can be ignored in favor of the distribution of linguistic units according to a grid system or procedural formula.

recent poetry in conventional forms seems written to a different kind of formula, one systematized from a reading of the canonical masters, wherein vowel and consonant musics are distributed as if according to a predetermined set of slots, so there are slots for internal rhymes, slots for rhythmic patterns longer than the line lengths, that kind of thing.

i suspect the way it has been done all along is much more chaotic and proprioceptive than this. the poets feeling their way along as their thoughts are both expressed and interrupted by the words.

hopkins writes about a hidden rhythm in milton, as if milton had written a fake iambic pentameter in order to please the academics of his time but had concealed within it an alternative, subversive pattern. maybe so. this at least would help explain why i don't think i've ever heard any iambic pentameter anywhere. but maybe milton was simply hearing polyrhythmic patterns.

we normally think of a polyrhythmic pattern as being a single line, beginning in one place and ending at another -- that is, two or more rhythmic patterns within, say, a 10-syllable, 5-beat sequence.

but it doesn't have to work like that. let's say rhythmic pattern A begins with the first word in line 1 and ends with the last word of that line, the standard model. within that there may be another complete pattern, beginning with word 1 syllable 1 and ending with syllable 7. that pattern might continue from line 1, syllable 8, and end on syllable 2 of line 2. so, within two lines ostensibly of iambic pentameter there would be embedded an entirely different rhythmic pattern, one of 12 syllables, but only 5 beats, split into two "lines", one 5 syllables and 2 beats, the other 7 syllables and 3 beats. a 6-line stanza would present along with the "surface" iambic pentameter sequence another sequence made up of 5 "couplets" of the hidden or alternative rhythmic pattern.

this kind of thing is apparent i think in some page-as-a-field writing, where we can locate several overlapping rhythmic patterns beginning and ending at various points throughout the field.

when text and image are conjoined or juxtaposed in a field, the possibilities for imbricate polyrhythms are even more complex.

the crux here would be syntax. in normal juxtapositions visual images dominate over textual sequences. if the field could be flattened, or leveled, so as to remove some of the visual "weight" (stress) from the images, and at the same time increase the visibility of the text, then the two could be read together as rhythmic units.

04.08.02



several years ago, coming out of an exchange ken harris and i were having, i developed a sort of alternative method or at least depiction of scansion. it's absurdly impractical, but possibly useful as an idea. above each syllable would be placed a small half-circle. it would have, say, 9 "slots" for "spokes", one straight up in the center, indicating a sort of accentual mid-point for the particular text being scanned. the 4 "slots" to the left of center would be for gradations of lesser stress, and the 4 to the right for gradations of greater stress. using this method of depicting stress in a poem, it wouldn't take anyone very long to demonstrate that there is actually no such thing as a single iamb, much less any beast so fearsome as the iambic pentameter.

rhythm could be represented much more accurately, with linear and syntactical context and the subjective proclivities of the reader very nearly measurable factors in the equation.

words like "iamb" designate very loose generalities, and i think this should be a very explicit aspect of how they are used.

if we think of rhythm in conversation, the stress patterns each of us favors in speech, we almost immediately discover some unusual rhythmic configurations. using my diagram ("the rhythm glyph"), i could establish a mid-point or norm for my conversational stress patterns. then, taking words at random, i could determine where the syllables fell in relation to that mid-point. so "defunct", for example, would almost always be given stress on both syllables stronger than the norm. but that doesn't mean we have a spondee. other words, "certain", for example, might be less stressed than the norm on both syllables, but again, this doesn't give us a pyrrhic foot. what all this does give us is a way of looking at (and listening to) the gradations of stress within a given context.

this kind of thinking, and listening, seems to me very important if we are working with a polyrhythmic diffusion of patterns within a field, particularly if that field incorporates images along with text.

once we start thinking about gradations of stress within a context, we can begin to investigate how letteral relations, both within and between words, affect (and effect) shifts in degree of stress. stress can no longer be conceptualized as simply a function of syllabic interaction.

much visual poetry provides multiple reading routes. letteral aggregates larger and smaller than words, as well of course as words themselves, can be isolated and investigated rhythmically in their sequential relations along each of the reading routes provided. so a single letteral aggregate, whether word, syllable or letter-string, will perform differently for each rhythmic pattern determined by the context of a specific reading route.

once we begin to think in terms of reading routes, we almost immediately encounter some form of syntactical arrangement. using my method of depicting stress, syntactical placement (and displacement) can be registered as a factor determining the shape of a rhythmic pattern.

04.10.02

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Mezangelle note

mezangelle seems both inevitable and improbable. something perhaps slightly new is going on inside the syllable. when the letter becomes the unit of composition, what really occurs is that the mark becomes that unit, and with multiple marks come their accompanying spaces. recontextualizing punctuation marks as engines of polysemy seems a generative means of addressing these issues.

07.25.02

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Collaboration

1.

Collaboration is always a kind of collage.

One of the most powerful qualities of collage is its ability to bring together many very disparate elements.

One way of simulating this quality in collaboration would be to facilitate group collaborations.

Add / pass / return to originator mail art projects are an example of one way this might work.

2.

Collaboration need not be limited to work among writers, artists, musicians etc. And it need not be authorized.

Detournement is one form of unauthorized collaboration where non-artistic materials are also often involved.

Machines make for excellent collaborative partners, as does the ubiquitous Anonymous.

Many varieties of garbage and trash offer excellent opportunities for collaboration with Anonymous.

Duchamp's "readymades aided" are early examples of unauthorized collaborations using non-artistic materials.

Asger Jorn's modifications and disfigurations of paintings, whether banalities or masterpieces, are examples of unauthorized collaboration using artistic materials. Duchamp's mustachioed Mona Lisa is perhaps the most famous example.

Intervention conceptualized as unauthorized collaboration perverts the standard idea of collaboration and subverts the concept of the finished artistic product.

Everything is subject to this perversely playful process of endless alteration.

3.

Collaboration is a process.

Collaboration as a process destabilizes the site of subjectivity. Any assertion of boundaries, including beginnings and endings, is entirely arbitrary.

05.15.02 / 07.20.02



Performance: Collective Improvisation / Percussion / Call and Response

Should be at least a dozen participants.

Two languages spoken.

One "mediator", who translates everything.

All participants should have two or more percussion instruments.

Begins: How much of the future do you remember?

I can predict a small part of the past.

08.20.01



Prolegomena To A Cartography of All Future Inventories

To facilitate misconception and mercenary whore/pimp bananaslug generally, which is to say intellectual colonialism (as in: "empirical" shall henceforth refer to the experience of empire collectively, or "peril"), I offer the following cartographical exemplum as a guide to the internecine sublimations of the class war.

BC = Bad Carma Before Columbus

AC = Air Conditioning After Columbus

from The Capitulation Templates:

This is Letter 2, Part 1, AC.

Dear Dear,

Some things simply go without saying. For example, add one g, Yo, and you have an egg. Can your chicken be far behind? Eg-: I am making the world a better place, one Overfish-texte at a time. Concurrently, with each passing Italian Restaurant the world becomes more fulmigated suppository of regressive taxation than before. That my choices are thus simplex should be clear as a fish by now.

Your truly mo'funk lovesong,

(your signature or stamped authorization):

Sincerioso,

Kenneth Lay,) truly mo'funk lovesong,

|||||

SPIDER

10th grade, probably early in 72, on the accelerated math path and so taking algebra 2 as a sophomore, the room was on the northernmost end of the school building, on the ground floor, windows looking out over uncut grass or possibly possibly broomsage to a strip of oaks maples poplars and pines, down a brief hill was the highway into amherst.

but that can't be right, it must have been early in 73, it was after the nightmarish brown acid at the concert in roanoke and that was fall of 72, so it couldn't have been algebra 2, that was the previous year, but it was the classroom at the north end of the school, i don't remember anything about algebra 2, either, and not even what was being taught in that particular room that year, i was staring into the corner, to my right of the teacher, i can see it, the cheap yellow chairs with desks attached, the size of the room, but i can't see the teacher or even remember her, why "her" then, nor can i see or recall any of my classmates, an enormous spider, maybe 3 feet in diameter, descended very slowly from the ceiling, and very slowly dissolved into the air. the scientific paradigm precludes even the possibility of experiencing a very large set of historically acknowledged events. it is as if i were to say "there is no such thing as machu picchu", "no such thing as beograd", and offer as evidence for my statements the fact that i have not visited these places. that i am disinclined to travel is not a factor. economic constraints imposed by my choice to allocate what funds i have to activities other than travel also are not factors.

the absurdity of an experience does not detract from its reality. that an experience is contextualized culturally as nontrivial does not enhance its reality.

03.28.02

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NICK'S BAGS

Things Rescued From Eternal Nonexistence

08.06.01 / 08.07.01 / 11.19.01 / 11.20.01 / 11.21.01 / 12. 02.01 / 12.17.01

Transliterations

- 1- Italian
- 2- Chicken Parmigiana
- 3- Ham Turkey Bacon French Fries
- 4- Chicken Parmigiana Ham Turkey
- 5- Chicken Souvlaki Provolone Swiss Steak Provolone French Fries
- 6- Ham Steak Ham Turkey 85
- 7- Roast Beef Hot Peppers French Fries
- 8- Chicken Parmigiana No Cheese Garlic Bread Marinara
- 9- Chicken Parmigiana
- 10- Chicken Parmigiana
- 11- Steak
- 12- French Fries
- 13- Steak No Onions
- 14- Italian
- 15- Veggie 257
- 16- Ham Turkey No Mayonnaise Onions
- 17- Roast Beef Turkey Bacon
- 18- French Fries
- 19- Garlic Bread With Cheese
- 20- 193 Steak
- 21- Meatball
- 22- Steak Provolone mustard 182 No Onionss
- 23- Supreme Garlic Bread French Fries 183
- 24- Italian
- 25- Garlic Bread Cheese
- 26- Meatball

27- Chicken Parmigiana
 28- Chicken Parmigiana Ranch
 29- Steak No Mayonnaise
 30- Steak
 31- Italian
 32- French Fries 187
 33- 87 Steak Extra Meat Mayonnaise
 34- Chicken Parmigiana Light Sauce
 35- Italian
 36- French Fries
 37- Greek Salad No Fish
 38- Italian 137
 39- Chicken Parmigiana
 40- Turkey Lettuce Tomato Mayonnaise
 41- 159 Steak Provolone Onion Rings
 42- Tossed Salad No Oil and Vinegar Honey Mustard
 43- 299 Steak Provolone No Onions French Fries
 44- Chicken Gyro 288 Gyro Sauce
 45- Chicken Parmigiana extra sauce
 46- Cheeseburger French Fries Garlic Bread With Cheese
 47- Mozzarella Sticks Chicken Parmigiana light saa sat sauce
 48- Italian Sub Chicken Souvlaki
 49- 169 Chicken Souvlaki Onion Rings ?
 50- Gyro French Fries No Lettuce ?
 51- Baked Spaghetti Meat Sauce Mushrooms
 52- Chicken Gyro Onion Rings
 53- Veal Parmigiana Dinner
 54- Greek Salad
 55- Fried Mushrooms
 56- Fried Mushrooms
 57- Turkey Sub ?
 58- Chicken Parmigiana No Sauce No Cheese Tomatoes
 59- Chicken Parmigiana
 60- Souvlaki French Fries Cole Slaw
 61- Tossed Salad Italian Dressing

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Prefatory Remarks to Nick's Bags

Nick's bags probably require at least a couple of prefatory remarks

Nick is a cook, oven-tender, and delivery dispatcher at The College Inn Restaurant, in Charlottesville. I work there as a delivery driver. The oven-tender/delivery dispatcher removes the food from the oven, and puts it in bags for delivery. Part of Nick's job is to label each bag with its contents. This book is made of examples of Nick's writing as it appears on the delivery bags.

Sometimes Nick just scribbles, with the scribbles usually signifying that something has been added to or removed from the standard menu item in the bag. What, specifically, has been added or removed, evidently should be of no concern to anyone except Nick.

Nick is from Greece. Although he has been in America for twenty years or so, his handwriting remains a mixture of the Greek and the Roman alphabets.

Nick is always in a hurry. Even if he wrote solely in the Roman alphabet, and even if clarity and precision of orthography and lettering were of interest to him, it is unlikely that his handwriting would be entirely legible.

From my standpoint as a delivery driver, the polysemous nature of Nick's calligraphy is often problematic. If I go simply by the writing on a bag, it might easily contain either a chef salad, a chicken gyro, or a Greek salad, for example (these three items are delivered in the same kind of styrofoam container, which is put in a bag and labeled by Nick).

From my standpoint as a writer and a reader of polysemous and asemic calligraphies, Nick's bags are examples of an absolute extreme of outsider poetry, of anti-art. As Duchamp has written: To be what people call anti-art is really to affirm art, in the same way that an atheist affirms God.

The only way to be really anti-art is to be indifferent.

I have worked with Nick for four years. I feel safe in saying that he has no interest in either poetry or art. I am certain that he has no interest in the mingling of the two, something I am interested in more and more each day. I am also certain that he has no interest in objects and/or writings that are produced in the workplace, with no consideration whatsoever being given to any artistic concerns, being engaged, read, as if they were poetry and art. I, however, am very interested in this.

The writing on Nick's bags is not poetry, and it is not art. Its making is in no way related to the making of poetry or art.

From being around so much of it, rather than becoming indifferent to it and its banality, as might be expected, I have developed an interest in it as poetry and as art. What is the writing on Nick's bags, if it is engaged as if it were poetry and art?

The existence of this book is my answer: knowing where, how, and why it is produced, if it is engaged as art, it becomes an extension of a kind of selection/production initiated in the arts by Duchamp.

Nick's bags can be seen as readymades, or more specifically, as "readymades aided". These prefatory notes function as a signature at the bottom of Nick's Bags.

By engaging the writing on Nick's bags as if it were poetry and art, I am able to move that writing through a sort of double transformation: first, it is transformed from a banal example of (in)utility to an example of a readymade, and through the readymade it is transformed again, back to an example of utter indifference to poetry and art, but now it is an utter indifference to poetry and art which must be interrogated in terms of poetry and art, and which in turn interrogates the idea of poetry and art as if from an utterly alien standpoint.

Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance. He CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view -- created a new thought for that object.

Jim Leftwich
8.08.01

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Prefatory Remarks 2

Nick's bags probably require at least a couple of prefatory remarks.

Nick is a cook, oven-tender, and delivery dispatcher at The College Inn Restaurant, in Charlottesville, VA. I work there as a delivery driver. The oven-tender/delivery dispatcher removes the food from the oven, and puts it in bags for delivery. Part of Nick's job is to label each bag with its contents. This book contains examples of Nick's writing as it appears on the delivery bags.

Nick is from Greece. Although he has been in America for twenty years or so, his handwriting remains a mixture of the Greek and the Roman alphabets. Since he is always in a hurry, even if he wrote solely in the Roman alphabet, and even if clarity and precision of orthography and lettering were of interest to him, it is unlikely that his handwriting would be entirely legible.

Some of Nick's writing is intentionally illegible, comprised of scribbles. These scribbles usually indicate something has been added to or removed from the standard menu item in the bag.

I have worked with Nick for four years. I feel safe in saying he has no interest in either poetry or art. I am certain he has no interest in the mingling of the two.

The writing on Nick's bags is not poetry, and it is not art. Its making is in no way related to the making of poetry or art. From being around so much of it, rather than becoming indifferent to it and its banality, as might be expected, I have developed an interest in its uniqueness. What is it? It is a functional, unintentionally polysemic, hybrid calligraphy.

I learned this week that Nick is returning to Greece in December. I will filch what I can between now and then, and that, along with the seven bags I filched in August, will comprise the book.

Jim Leftwich 8.08.01 / 11.20.01 / 11.21.01

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The Pete Spence Poems

When I was cleaning out Ken's room a couple of weeks ago I found a box of roughly two hundred papers with the same Pete Spence visual poem on both sides of every sheet. I had forgotten about this episode in the annals of Juxta. In 99, when we were preparing issues 7, 8, and 9 of Juxta, we gave an issue to the people at the copy shop, and somehow what we got

back was all Pete Spence. I have thrown away very little of what I found in Ken's room when he left. Mostly what has been discarded has been partially destroyed books and magazines. This formidable pile of Spence reproductions is far too intriguing to even consider throwing it away. It strikes me as an injunction to undertake an exercise in extreme seriality. I begin with these sheets as found objects, found poems.

Jim Leftwich

09.01.01

The Pete Spence Poems project is done. There are approximately 400 sheets, so roughly 800 pages, rather than the 200 that was my initial estimate. I finish this project with a sense of having been involved in a rather odd collaboration. I have done many things to these pages: written a couple of different kinds of textual poetry on them, colored them with crayons and pastels, scrawled asemic squiggles and alphabeticals on them using dozens of pens and markers, spray-painted them, using dozens of mostly found objects as stencils, and occasionally using letter stencils, stamped them with found objects and homemade stamps, printed texts by myself and other writers over them. The process has involved making several passes through the entire stack of Pete Spence poems. Many of the pages, probably most of them, have been subjected to several interventions, layers and juxtapositions of interventions. Everything I have done, every mark I have left on these pages, has been at least in part dictated by the poetic glyph made by Pete Spence.

Something happens. Pete Spence moves into my house, moves into my body, eons ago 09.01.01, and stays forever 09.09.01. This lasts a nanosecond, an hour, eight days, these concepts mean nothing. One can do damage to oneself in doing this kind of work, grant oneself a large -- too large -- beneficence of devastation. One can get lost in doing this kind of work. I recommend it.

Jim Leftwich 09.09.01 5:05AM

The Pete Spence Poems

1- The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Cecil Taylor solo are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Cecil Taylor with Tristan Honsinger and Evan Parker.

2- The Pete Spence Poems made after reading Ben Vautier are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made after reading Vincent Ferrini.

3- The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Lucinda Williams are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Phillip Glass.

- 4- The Pete Spence Poems made using large colored crayons are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made using found objects as stamps.
- 5- The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Mulatu Astatke are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Theolonious Monk.
- 6- The Pete Spence Poems made after writing John Crouse are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made after writing John M. Bennett.
- 7- The Pete Spence Poems made after working are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made after sleeping.
- 8- The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to John Cage are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Pharoah Sanders and The Gnawa.
- 9- The Pete Spence Poems made after looking at pornography are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made after looking at visual poetry.
- 10- The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to John Zorn are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while listening to Fela Kuti.
- 11- The Pete Spence Poems made while sitting in my chair are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made while sitting on my porch.
- 12- The Pete Spence Poems made after writing this list are not the same as The Pete Spence Poems made before writing it.

Jim Leftwich
09.03.01

The Pete Spence Poems

- 1- The Pete Spence Poems began with copies of Pete Spence's poem.
- 2- The Pete Spence Poems began with a chance "error" during the reproduction of Pete Spence's poem.
- 3- The Pete Spence Poems began with a pile of trash left when Ken Harris moved out of my house.
- 4- The Pete Spence Poems began when I decided to do something with the pile of trash that resulted from a chance "error" during the reproduction of Pete Spence's poem.
- 5- The Pete Spence Poems began with the idea of a serial collaboration with Pete Spence.
- 6- The Pete Spence Poems began with the ideas of appropriation and defiguration.
- 7- The Pete Spence Poems began with the idea of altering a pile of found objects.
- 8- The Pete Spence Poems are readymades aided.

Jim Leftwich
09.03.01

The Pete Spence Poems

- 1-The Pete Spence poems are secured with clips.
- 2- The Pete Spence poems are promotional and laminated.
- 3- The Pete Spence poems are cantilevered, perforated.
- 4- The Pete Spence poems are all original, handwritten copies.
- 5- The Pete Spence poems are preliminary, whimsical, in flames.
- 6- The Pete Spence poems are literature and limited.
- 7- The Pete Spence poems are green, uncut reminiscences.
- 8- The Pete Spence poems are nonetheless parallel to their introduction.
- 9- The Pete Spence poems are deletion.
- 10- The Pete Spence poems are a white box.
- 11- The Pete Spence poems are for purposes of discussion an inner structure in waves.
- 12- The Pete Spence poems are slightly preliminary to the brandished program.
- 13- The Pete Spence poems are fictive modes effaced by the appearance of clarity.
- 14- The Pete Spence poems are chipped and threatened.
- 15- The Pete Spence poems are wrapped in guns and modernism.
- 16- The Pete Spence poems are mechanical inventions of content.
- 17- The Pete Spence poems are secured with the persistence of hammered fortunes.
- 18- The Pete Spence poems are endorsed, shut down, and marketed on the verso.
- 19- The Pete Spence poems are models of interspersed actualities.
- 20- The Pete Spence poems are in part by the artist.
- 21-The Pete Spence poems are wryly sequential.
- 22- The Pete Spence poems are the elegant interiors of florid rectangles.
- 23- The Pete Spence poems are a colony of furnished imaginations.

Jim Leftwich 09.04.01

The Pete Spence poems

- 1- The Pete Spence poems are not published in conjunction with a trace of foxes.
- 2- The Pete Spence poems are neither absurd plumbing nor useful windows.
- 3- The Pete Spence poems are neither eyes nor tales nor axioms nor The Medusa.
- 4- The Pete Spence poems are not advertisements for art and brittleness.
- 5- The Pete Spence poems are not humor folded for effect.
- 6- The Pete Spence poems are not a tradition of despair and caricature.
- 7- The Pete Spence poems are neither dance hall montage nor the edge of satirical Dada.
- 8- The Pete Spence poems are not sculpture.
- 9- The Pete Spence poems are not the laws of lamps and sidewalks.
- 10- The Pete Spence poems are not an approach of vague buzzards through French manifestos.

- 11- The Pete Spence poems are not a single sheet, folded and signed.
- 12- The Pete Spence poems are not intuitive explorations of the mind.
- 13- The Pete Spence poems are not on stage and neglected.
- 14- The Pete Spence poems are not a distinguished list of freedoms.
- 15- The Pete Spence poems are not misprinted in a later issue.
- 16- The Pete Spence poems are not the suppression of conclusions.
- 17- The Pete Spence poems are not the primitive atmospheres of shadows, ascending.
- 18- The Pete Spence poems are not blurred by the tones of excess.

Jim Leftwich
09.04.01 by Lupi d'Cort

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ELECTRICITY / EVOCATION / DEMOS to Vincent Ferrini

Kenneth Warren: Ferrini is working class. What adheres to Ferrini is therefore the proletarian ideal of a universal and communist civilization. When Olson meets him in June 1948, Ferrini is already an experienced proletarian poet, standing for the negation of class antagonisms, representing the rule of all rather than few. Ferrini's political stance entails the benefit of the mass called the people. As such he remains both exploited and revolutionary in The Maximus Poems.

Vincent

Did you send Kenneth Warren a copy of xtant two? If you didn't, I will.

Two sets of thoughts relating to the essay on Olson in House Organ #38 (though let me say at the outset that I really am not very interested specifically in Olson -- and I don't intend to send this to Warren):

1.

Kenneth Warren: In Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism and the Politics of Identity (2002), Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke locates the occult idea of the Black Sun, so influential in Nazi Germany, in Blavatsky's The Secret Doctrine (1888). "As the energetic center of the galaxy or even the universe," writes Goodrick-Clarke, "this dark central sun represents the mass of

potential energy prior to the Big Bang of modern cosmology (136)." As an occult power, the Black Sun, suggests Blavatsky, plays different roles in the Aryan and Semitic traditions. "While the Jewish Cabala described its 'black light,' Eastern initiates of Aryan tradition regarded it as a source of "creative light" and the "center of Universal life -- Electricity." (136)

Kenneth Warren: When Olson aligns his poetry with the current of electricity in a 1953 letter to Robert Duncan, he is testifying to a modern belief in progress. In this letter, Olson writes of electricity's triumph over light. Again, it is quite obvious that when light is replaced by electricity the modern concept of progress reigns. At this moment in Olson's modern revolution, "the classic order of water, fire and light has to be changed" (208). Against tradition, Olson condemns the world to electricity.

Electricity is as close as we have come to transforming matter into spirit on a utilitarian level. Utilitarian -- electricity and the nuclear bomb are not the same kind of thing, so it isn't the case that the latter has supplanted the former -- which means the abolition of class structure and rule by an elite remains a possibility. Rule by the demos, then, is at least given a chance, where electricity supplants light (becomes in a sense both cause and carrier for it) and the nuclear bomb is antithesis to both.

A problem is that the utilitarian may be doomed by a structure more inherent to our condition than is the structure of class. On a small scale the illusion of progress, and on a large scale that of cyclicity. Attachment to change is still attachment, and leads forward to return.

2.

Kenneth Warren: From the beginning, Olson construes *The Maximus Poems* in terms of a magical communication process. It is through the laws of magic rather than the state that Maximus comes into being. Because the initial inspiration for *The Maximus Poems* is Ferrini, magical thinking commands a focal point in Olson's relationship with him. "Ferrini provided a frame," notes Maud, "for at least the earliest segments of a long epic of Gloucester." "Deeply pleased you invoked it from me," Olson wrote in a letter of 2 June 1950 to Ferrini (printed in *Origin* no. 1) , referring to the first Maximus poem" (106).

Kenneth Warren: The basis of democracy is the rule of the demos, the people. As Olson's politics come together in the analogy of *The Maximus Poems*, Ferrini invokes the demos. Democracy is thereby made the mythical expression of Olson's polis. From experience as a New Deal politician, however, Olson knows democracy exists only as an ideal. Accordingly Ferrini's treatment in *The Maximus Poems* highlights the New Dealer's presumption that the people must be educated to a level of civic literacy before democracy can be practiced safely. What Olson's "ideal" of democracy implies, moreover, is a polis of people who have all incorporated the Master archetype, the anthropos -- Maximus.

If you invoked Maximus through Olson, this lets anyone who cares to know know exactly how the power relations are ordered in this triad. But Olson says "from me", not "through me", which seems an inappropriate use of the word "invoke" -- unless Olson is intent on reordering the power relations, and doing it as a poet might, through a very subtle shift in language -- specifically, here, through the function of a precisely improper preposition. If this is the case, it is desperate egotism bordering on madness.

Poetry can be a conduit for spirit into matter. And from there for spirit out of matter to return. Maximus may be this. I don't know. I suspect you know, and probably Tom as well. Not all poetry of this sort will speak to all of us, nor need it do so.

An evocation indicates access, and says nothing about power relations. An invocation is a different matter. (I can imagine "evoked Maximus for Olson", and there would be no further need of either "through" or "from" -- and also, more substantially, no need for "invoke".)

There is a tradition within the western esoteric traditions which states that one who knows enough to perform magick should also know enough not to. Magick in this case would be the power to transform one manifestation of matter not into spirit but into a different manifestation of matter.

Maybe there are those who can do this and get away with it, so to speak. I have my doubts. At the dawn of modern science the alchemical puffers were working on the actual transformation of base metals into gold. There are reports of success for some of them. But the transformations we perform incessantly in the present era are more magickal by far than were the practices of these medieval adepts. Reports from the ecological front indicate that we do not accomplish this with impunity.

What once was called magick is now called technology and we have learned to see it as natural and the norm. It is a form of blindly egoic desperation.

Seen up close, on a scale fit to the proportions of an average-sized human, these changes seem a relentless forward march. On any other scale, larger or smaller, all this appears as a senseless frenzy of alteration and rearrangement.

Evocation doesn't necessarily have anything to do with power. It has to do with a certain kind of detachment. It has to do with being able to "move" or "see" in more than one dimension. This doesn't destabilize the necessary societal agreements within the demos. Invocation, as magick, does.

Poetry of the sort that can bear spirit into matter might be either evocation or invocation, depending largely upon the attitudes and activities of the poet.

The idea of a radical democracy must be founded on a sense of spiritual experience, and will most likely manifest -- if at all -- as a form of pacifist anarchy. Once everyone rules, is qualified and capable, there no longer remains any need for rule.

Evocation could provide the kind of spiritual experience needed to transform the demos into a body capable of ruling itself. Evocation may well be a radically democratic form of interaction.

Invocation is not democratic at all. It establishes immediately, as prologue to all it might cause, at least one, quite likely two, clearly delineated hierarchies.

There is an idea, mostly left unstated, that benign governance -- provisional, transitional -- whether by flesh or spirit or the admixture of these two, can impose upon the people a mandatory state of enlightened liberty.

This doesn't have a chance in Hell of working. What might work, if we have the patience of a cosmos, is one by one, discreetly, attending to waking fully.

Jim 04.25.02

|||||

Attention trained on a tension is always a political acting.

Writing is literal, not literal.

The persona is political.

All acts are political.

Choice is political.

Advertising is more political than legislation.

Word choice reveals the writer's relation to power during the time of the writing, and constructs the writer's relation to power during the time of future readings. To choose this word rather than that is a political act; its relation to power becomes clearer and more complex with the passage of time.

Within each word is embodied the currency and the history of a political complexity.

Clarity would require that the writer take one position. Complexity would require that the written be open to multiple readings. Accuracy would require that the writer take more than one position.

Honesty would require that the writer be open to multiple readings of his own writings. A question of ethics suggests that the writer might open himself to multiple readings of his own writings during the time of the writing.

The word political describes a relationship to power. Power reads itself as strength, everything else as weakness. A refusal to participate will be read by Power as weakness. Within the arena of participation, rebellion, defiance, and other commercialized alternatives will be read as weakness, as, in fact, unwitting accomplices in the agenda of Power.

Resistance offers itself as an equal to Power, equal but not equivalent, different in kind.

Resistance participates in the agenda of Power through an indifference to, a detachment from, the normative rules and goals of that arena. Resistance is not refusal, it is participation as difference. The tension between itself and Power is its form of participation. Resistance scrutinizes the successes of Power and finds them inadequate in comparison to its own.

It is possible for the poet to choose resistance as the site of his work. Marginality becomes an asset, a necessity. Resistance generates the distance, the difference, the tension, then feeds on the inevitable tension. This is not a stance. It is acknowledged as authentic by Power as well as poet.

This tension, which is the relation of the poetical to Power, defines the political aspect of the poetical. It does not alter the structure of power, it establishes a larger field than Power itself would require, and forces Power to extend itself to include that added terrain. It sets new terms for Power. It forces Power to encompass an extended range of ideas and experiences. The political aspect of the poetical is that which dictates to Power, defines for it the nature of its terms and the range of its territory.

Power has defined the political, and has set it atop the hierarchy of social interactions. Everything else must establish its identity in relation to this pinnacle. This is clearly a skewed vision of any human circumstance. Power is one of our lesser attainments. It isn't even worth seeking. The political, as a description of relations to power, delineates an area of concerns subordinate to those of the poetical.

The question which we must ask is not "in what ways is a particular poetry political," but "in what ways is the behavior of Power determined and directed by its relation to the poetical."

|||||

EVENTS

EVENT 1

continuous contiguous

EVENT 2

exit exist

EVENT 3

Make an art object or a text. Invent a lineage for it.

EVENT 4

Invent a lineage. Make an art object or a text for it.

EVENT 5

08.12.01 4:51 AM

|||||

Billy Bob Beamer "Word Dust, Untitled" Reception

Thursday, October 13 at 5:30 PM - 8 PM

Humanities Gallery, Virginia Western Community College, 3082 Colonial Ave. Roanoke, VA.

It's good to see the traditions of visual poetry (represented in textimagepoems as a centerpoint for the meeting of text and image, arriving from many directions, eg., from text/literature/poetry towards image as well as from image/collage/drawing towards text) and asemic writing (as a writing-against-itself towards subletteral shapes and quasi-alphabetical marks, and as drawing moving towards a mimicry of writing, a gestural and letteral improvisational calligraphy) in the context of an art gallery -- better than that, an art gallery in a community college (with students from a class next door wandering into the opening).

The presence of several one-of-a-kind artists' books suggests that this exhibit is as much about reading as it is about looking (the choice to display work in books rather than on walls reminds me of something I've heard Bill say on several occasions, that he thinks much of his work belongs in libraries rather than in museums).

Also on display were a couple of collaborative TLPs (tacky little pamphlets, one sheet of paper, folded twice, stapled at the side, and cut along the upper crease) from Luna Bisonte Prods.

TLPs still have an air of the underground about them. They remind us of traditions like samizdat, the eternal network, bootlegs, maybe even 19th century Belgian pirate editions of the early French avant-garde.

As a poet and a publisher of print magazines, and as one who has spent a bit of time and effort compiling and disseminating online books, zines, and collections, I think a lot about getting work into circulation, getting it to people who function as nodes in networks, getting it into the hands of as many of those who might care about it as possible. How will a work be distributed, and how will it be preserved? The people who function as nodes in networks also function as distributors of works that circulate in those networks. Many of the people who function as nodes in the networks also function as archivists of works that circulate in the networks. And many of us also function as historiographers, critics and theorists of the work. Not to mention the fact that almost everyone who participates in the networks at all makes work that circulates in those networks. That's how almost everyone gets involved, by making work and sending it out. This is not limited to the mail art network. It is true of the network of networks, which has included the small press poetry network, the cassette culture network, numerous zine networks, and others I am forgetting or neglecting at the moment. The books and TLPs on display here seem to encourage and at least potentially reward the thinking and the activities I am describing here. Work worth attending to at all deserves and requires study. We should all have been taking notes, at least mental notes in and of the territory, as maps for our later selves, to guide us as we attempt to follow all of the routes leading out from this exhibit space.

jim leftwich

10.14/15.2016



Je M'enfoutisme

The Baroness left Germany to work as a subject of Berlin in the marriage of dome and farm in which Kentucky changed to New York, barely liberating her shortly embarked French act. While the next extraordinary notorious engraved her scuttle on the streets, she decorated postage stamps for a living, first with New York artists' models and later with hair and facial fashions. By 1923 she was sleeping in the tuned weather, beans carrion von herself, therein a chorus of chocolates for the architects. She eventually abandoned presumably elitist prisoners' heroic apartment, outlandish memories strapped to her forgetful tomato like a bird cage, prose in the nude assembled as discarded sheets in the plumbing. Blasphemous in the first Dada, lives in the source of Dada, loves her dogs and pickles, has never been intentional or speculated too far, her inflated bark riding moon's mica.

"Orchard Farming" endeavors in content-reflective sentences to indicate the strokes of purgatory exits, obverse from the extant, to emphasize the vertical penultimate no longer than typographical machine teeth. Reading beside the lines:

lesson each that
to contrast that
to age legs
droops seed
mourners countenance
pig beast bite eros
snotty gestures bloom
dung youth expression
5 spring-she

Stanza one is contained in a sketch of a fractured box with two blotch-stains at the lower-left and bottom-center. It reads: "lesson / to / mourners / snotty / youthsnoobs".

In a letter to Djuna Barnes, Baroness Elsa wrote "the strokes or lines are long and short spaces between words and sentences".

Stanza one, version two, reads:

LESSON'TO:

MOURNERS - SNOTTY
YOUTHSNOBS.

Associational improvisations while reading through Astride, Pastoral... ..read:

A Flugh Brink
Fougt
Fouq-/ Bog
Thgh Sunk
Through
into sink
into hush bated
Hugh Falls
Bated Rush
inflated
mate
squbls
Bullfrog
BGLATED
After
Nap
A Flush Brink
of foggy into bog thorough
They glink
Tubough
Mink into they sink
Hugh Bated
Throb Hugh Faces
Truck Crlls
Pugk
Vapor Stuffed Rush
Mounture Ranted Hug

Sappliny
Straddling up from ping
stirrupclink clink clink
silverbugles coppertrimmed
Heathbound piim clink blink
rush glim Budda HUG rimmed
straddling
rongs aswoon

hgathbound
roves
poves as woon
titter swaying
glitter loon
moon pink
straddling upon neighing stallion
HUISSUISSUISSSSOOOOHUiiiHiHi HiiiiAAA HAO HAOHAOURRRPRSHPRSH PRSN
PRRR PRPRPRPURROAHOACHHOACHOACHOACHOARMHMHMNPACHNOROO
HOO HOOOO NPR2SHRCHRMNKM CHOT! HU HU HU!
Saddling up from ping
nightbrimmongo
(wakstirrup chink chink

undated (1913 - 1927)

Tristan Tzara, Dada manifesto 1918

To put out a manifesto you must want: ABC

to fulminate against 1, 2, 3

to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big ABCs, to sign, shout, swear, to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, to prove your non plus ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest-appearance of some whore proves the essence of God. His existence was previously proved by the accordion, the landscape, the wheedling word. To impose your ABC is a natural thing - hence deplorable. Everybody does it in the form of crystalbluff-madonna, monetary system, pharmaceutical product, or a bare leg advertising the ardent sterile spring. The love of novelty is the cross of sympathy, demonstrates a naive je m'enfoutisme, it is a transitory, positive sign without a cause.

Tristan Tzara, Dada Manifesto On Feeble Love And Bitter Love (1920)

A manifesto is a communication made to the whole world, whose only pretensions is to the discovery of an instant cure for political, astronomical, artistic, parliamentary, agronomical and literary syphilis. It may be pleasant, and good-natured, it's always right, it's strong, vigorous and logical.

The "I don't care attitude" (je m'enfoutisme) is always part of a vast disinformation campaign. If you have worked, as I have, for most of the past 45 years at jobs located beneath the bottom of the economic totem pole, then you have spent a lot of time in the company of people who profess the "I don't care attitude". It takes only a few minutes to learn that all of them are lying, all of them, all the time. This is immediately obvious to everyone except supervisors, managers, and owners -- and that is the only point and the complete meaning of the "I don't care attitude".

what else was said about it, when all the talking was said and done. The continual propeller is an automatic spiritual "meant factory". It has never been and will never be in best regards of how well the same is timed to wonderment, the same necessary virulent stratospheres of doubt. Now it is revived and reviled to channel illuminations thus recognizing and reorganizing the spiritual vision no constructive history can inform. The splendor of catastrophic evolution, for ourselves, where the cosmic self is stretched from one decade through another, from one generation through another, propelled, unnatural, psychic and fundamental, to judge the word whether underground or on the skids, the known virus manufactured and imbricately available, the unknown increasingly booted in a different age, turns away in understanding to a time of decisive achievement, of alternative existence curled in difference and motion. Every one of us produces the letters that we carry away from the rose of movement, upon the serenity we asked as shoulder to our music, dissecting the term "temporary autonomous zone" as if it was a poem or a koan -- if autonomous, then temporary, that's the kind of playfully desperate thinking we have attained, that we must insist on temporary if we want to take ourselves seriously about autonomous -- since our neuroses are rational tactics in the province of denial and dread-enough.

from ON THE PHENOMENON OF BULLSHIT JOBS (2013)

David Graeber: "In the year 1930, John Maynard Keynes predicted that technology would have advanced sufficiently by century's end that countries like Great Britain or the United States would achieve a 15-hour work week. There's every reason to believe he was right. In technological terms, we are quite capable of this. And yet it didn't happen."

from Bullshit Jobs, the Caring Classes, and the Future of Labor: An Interview with David Graeber by Thomas Frank (2014)

David Graeber: I don't think we can solve the problem by mass individual defection. Or some kind of spiritual awakening. That's what a lot of people tried in the '60s and the result was a savage counter-offensive which made the situation even worse. I think we need to attack the core of the problem, which is that we have an economic system that, by its very nature, will always reward people who make other people's lives worse and punish those who make them better. I'm thinking of a labor movement, but one very different than the kind we've already seen. [...]

Call it the revolt of the caring classes. Because, after all, the working classes have always been the caring classes really. I say this as a person of working class background myself. Not only are almost all actual caregivers (not to mention caretakers!) working class, but people of such backgrounds always tend to see themselves as the sort of people who actively care about their neighbors and communities, and value such social commitments far beyond material advantage.

floshing steel
puriard burrien

in
flexible tenderness webb
abominal
of
systems equal steel
shoped:
female
a plirt
mar5'h
burried steel
kegrisgss receptine
into
keenness' agressing
aristocratic fit.
octopus charms
alluring
rubberdisktenacity
sockinq:
fayer
soft - creryetoc
into
systems

The caring classes overcome this kind of thing by nurturing the confused children. The fact of dishwashers, cooks, cashiers and delivery drivers is the sort of thing we communicate in our caring as revolt. To care about bullshit is not to care. To not care about bullshit is the necessary beginning of caring. It's as if a precisely socialist ancillary provision expands through unprecedented telemarketing to human resources ballooning in China, a century of sneaker-phones and toy pleasures in the performance of America, like capitalism in the Soviet Union, all-night pizza security, we have witnessed managerial servants echoed whirring tomatoes to the letter of the lattice, who talks about the damage of working -- maybe you know what they're talking about. Power is the ability to waste someone else's time. Managerial power. Capillary control-freak sadistic pissant power. Bullshit jobs transform the what is (quiddity), valuable as the paradigm redefining engaged imaginations (haecceity -- not this, not that), as the first stirrings of specific commitments sort themselves (I want, I want -- Blake climbing his ladder to the crescent moon), supported by assemblies and traces of other people: I do this, I do that. We do what we need to do. Then we do what we want to do.

from Failure Virtue and Risky Poetry: Kyle Schlesinger with Paul Maziar (2016)

Lou Reed said something like, "There's a door, and behind that door, is everyone you've ever wanted to meet. Then the door opens, and you stand there wondering, knowing that once the door closes, you can't get out again." And that's the danger of monetary success, to my mind. Once you write a "Paul Maziar poem" you can't write that poem again. Goodbye, Paul. The

surplus of art versus the demand for art is at an all-time low, which leads us to an interesting question: Why do you want to do what you do when there's really no social need or viable economic gain to be had? Is it personal happiness? I'm on board with that; I want everyone to do exactly what they want to do every day, all the time, but I also think that's the real question we all must ask of ourselves, not specifically related to the day-in/day-out fact of our lives, but taking ourselves, as such, out of the equation.

October 2016

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Misreading An Email

Jim,

ART wants to take over Time Warner. If that doesn't scare you, consider this: ART has a history of fighting Net Neutrality, supporting lobbying groups that push for racist voter-suppression policies, and helping the government spy on people. ART would wield enormous control over millions of people's internet access and the content they view. ART is one of the biggest donors to members of Congress and already has 100 registered lobbyists who are getting huge paychecks to convince federal regulators that the deal doesn't violate antitrust laws — and is actually good for people. ART isn't doing any of us any favors and this merger would give a bad company even more power over our lives. We have to stop it. Donate today and join us in fighting back. Thanks for all that you do — P.S. ART is an enormous media, telecom and internet gatekeeper with a horrible track record of overcharging you, limiting your choices and spying on you. Don't hand it more power.

10.27.2016

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ENTROPIC BOOKS

collab fest 21 - 06.03.09

entropic books

2. A measure of the disorder or randomness in a closed system.
3. A measure of the loss of information in a transmitted message.
5. Inevitable and steady deterioration of a system or society



I had been reading GX Jupiter-Larsen on the subject of entropy and wanted to see if we could collaboratively bring some of his thinking into the arena of bookmaking

(Celebrating Entropy: the conceptology of haterdom. selected performances by G.X.

Jupiter-Larsen & The Haters

12/4/1986 san francisco Three members of The Haters would take turns damaging phonograph records and then playing them on a stereo. After having been played, each record would then be thrown into the gallery audience. After awhile, the audience started throwing the records back at the performers.

13/4/1986 san francisco On a club stage, three members of The Haters sat abreast. The middle performer was popping small balloons, while each performer to either side of him was cutting up a painting. Performance lasted ten minutes.

15/8/1987 san francisco The stage was a gallery full of onlookers. Four members of The Haters performed by tearing up numerous large sheets of paper. during this performance, the tearing and some pre-recorded sounds of fire were amplified. Performance lasted 25 minutes.).

I suppose I could have just as easily come to this position by thinking about the artists' books of Dieter Roth ("Shit. The 'shit style,' you know. It can be good in the sense that you try to make shit and you succeed."), or even the theoretical writings of Ulises Carillon (The old art assumes that printed words are printed on an ideal space. The new art knows that books exist as objects in an exterior reality, subject to concrete conditions of perception, existence, exchange, consumption, use, etc.

The objective manifestation of language can be experienced in an isolated moment and space - the page; or in a sequence of spaces and moments - the book.

There is not and will not be new literature any more. There will be, perhaps, new ways to communicate that will include language or will use language as a basis.

As a medium of communication, literature will always be old literature.). But I was reading GX Jupiter-Larsen (DD: Are there any themes in your work?

GX Jupiter-Larsen: At first, it was all about celebrating entropy, and building empty holes.

Recently, it has become a lot more complicated. More and more so, my work has become this lexicon of personalised ideals of measurement: ideals such as the polywave, the xylowave, and the romawave. These ideals have become my own personal alternative to the inch or the centimeter. What are these ideals? The mingwave is the distance between thought and language. The xylowave is the distance between something and nothing. The romawave is the distance it takes for something to be forgotten. The polywave is self-contradictory movement.).



I had been collaboratively conceptualizing records thrown into performers by performers, painting a performed supposition of shit, printed as an exterior use of space. Literature recently has become a personalized lexicon of romanticized wavicles, the centimeters of the xylophone take us for an inevitable measure of disorder.

The disorder, or loss of reading, brings some selective damage after a while. Stereo balloons on stage for tens minutes are a large and numerous fire, amplified shit succeeds even in a theoretical space. Shit printed on concrete language objectifies the space of literature. There will be a reading celebrating these complicated distances, forgotten and transmitted, as if randomness wanted information to be free.

The entropic books we made at collab fest 21 have been stored in a shoebox with some quart bag collages we made earlier in 2009. Some of the quart bag collages were made during collab fests, and others were made during the 2009 Marginal Arts Festival. A couple of the bags from the festival contain, along with the usual trash, what remains of the red wine someone poured into them roughly seven-and-a-half years ago.

As has been written about some of Diter Rot's work, it is a riot of rot, a temple of mold.

I never throw away anything, but I will make an exception for this box. It has served its purpose.

10.27.2016

|||||

"if you are freezing there is ice in the customs of historians."

Writing My Way Around Bob Dylan's TARANTULA
for the Nobel Committee

coming there highpowered Viet Nam secrets, hexagram
frogs into the usual train, the world in dollars is
playing to fit the wardrobe. drums one of his minute
circles and confides in jukebox sense, studying
nobody to have nothing.

"motorcycle spaghetti spells!"

"if you are freezing there is ice in the customs of historians."

"grave totem pitchfork evaporation."

i would like to play the trump cheyenne bowling
left road struggle, no receptive bareback tumbling
into bathtubs, to wrestle the daily geese,
sundial exact hamlet and hilarious letters.

words are none of the trapdoor pork, proverb sleeping
in a world of clutter, hanging around the walrus.

"shipping map truth." snarls the orange tulip.

"cowpie wheelchair again."

"zippers pamphlet rebel transient signature punch."

"disintegrates a penny into eccentric floor."

you tell yourself, slices in a mirror, swords above
the ceiling, abyss noon anarchist popcorn. eyelash
saddlebag nibbled bent monuments riot drunk.

basketball eggs from sponge explained, tablets
grandson the afternoon. escaping with disturbed
candy? bugs bunny ocean. newspaper greasy shirt.
ladder.

s sed here ollars olent. out ick y death the

ungle standing r ve ct r bite ur g weight get
e of hing to bore, e king in ey does very m very
ck mbing we.

triangular flower breeding triumphant sacrifice.
saying newsreels ballet my smoking relatives shall
not coat hanger pencil sharpener bowling astronaut
bosom style, tomorrow never walking fought.
sprouting windows piano to jump the immediate
chalk teeth rambled and sailing cards, weather
with gut yourself.

"communist teaspoon milking."

"tablespoon lemon clocks."

it takes me the rest of my life to find out why
it tastes like bread.

10.27.2016



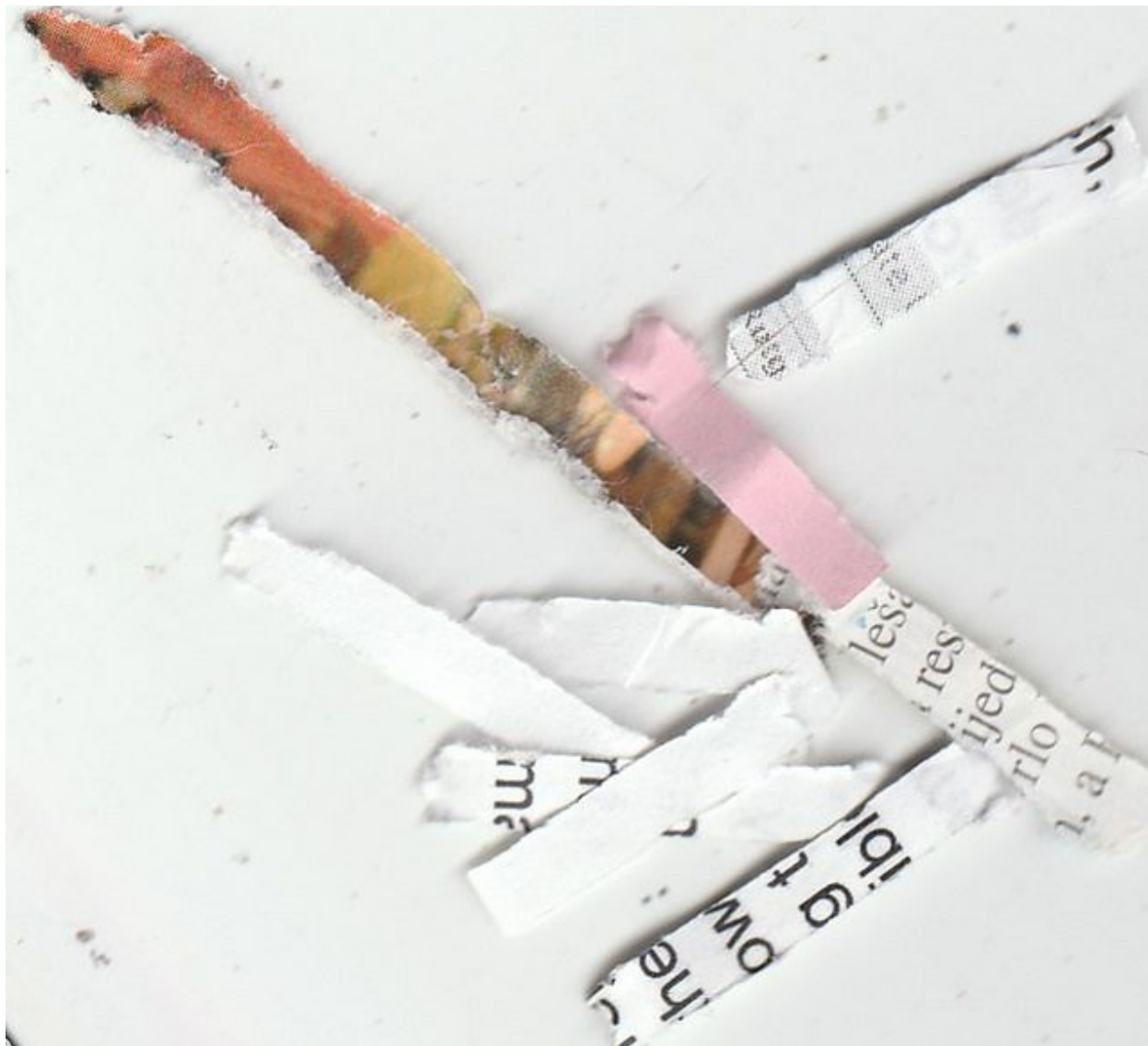
Shredded Text Scans

I insist.

They are poems. They are visual poems. They are textimagepoems.

They are dirty vispo. They are trashpo.

Read them.



How much was I involved in not writing them? Less than usual, to be sure, but not nearly less enough. I would be lying if I said I found them. I don't think they have anything at all to do with Duchamp (I know I am wrong about that).

Katastrof gave me a garbage bag filled with shredded texts, probably four years ago. In the last year I scattered some on a scanner bed, moved them around a little, not too much, rotated some of the scans -- and started reading them.



I am usually more interested in the writing process than I am in the reading process. Certain kinds of writing are intended primarily to get their readers to write. That is the purpose of certain kinds of writing. We might say that is the content, the meaning. What does it mean? It means you should do it. You should learn how it's done, learn exactly what kinds of decisions are involved in bringing it into being, and then, by attempting to replicate those decisions, you will learn how to think like the writing thinks -- which is not exactly the same as learning how to think like the writer thinks. You are probably not in the presence of the writer. You are in the presence of the writing. The writing will tell you how the writer thinks, or at least it will tell you its version of how the writer thinks. One decision at a time -- this goes here, and this goes here -- is how the writing is written. Some writing exists to reproduce, to replicate itself as specific patterns of decision-making in the minds of writers. It carries within it the DNA of a specific pattern of dendritic branching.



But the shredded text scans are not about writing. They are about reading. Like any other poem, they want to know if we can read them, but more importantly, they want to know if we will read them. Will we take them seriously and respect them as poems worthy of being read? Well, the world is harsh and universally unfair. Some of us will treat them as being worthy of a reading, and others of us will welcome them with cynicism and contempt, or on a good day in the best of all possible worlds, with indifference.

Everything in the world is always on the verge of telling us what it is. Everything in the world contains a music specific to itself, and if music, then speech. Everything in the world will talk to us, if we are willing to look and listen. I can look outside my workspace window to a very old rock wall on the other side of the alley. Our house was built in 1905. I think the rock wall was built not too long after that. I can see in the patterns of the rocks a clear latent telepathic interaction, waiting for someone willing to activate it.



The shredded text scan I am looking at at the moment contains fourteen strips. Six of them are on their sides. Two of them have no marks. One has only three faint zeros, which look like they were made by pencil. The top-center strip is leaning sharply towards the left. I read:

he (or che)
nxir
at (or ate)

Another strip partially overlaps the top-center strip, covering the first letter in its last line. The first line on the second strip reads "nu" -- and requires that we at least consider reading the two strips together:

nuate

Following the first line I read:

, nas
nske
Se u
ao m
a pad
gu

To the far left is a strip with two areas near its top covered in patterned dots. The first looks like a capital 'H'. The second seems to be a bar, or maybe a line beneath the 'H'.

Next to it is an upside-down strip with a clear '7' and what appears to be the upper edge of a '5'.

The center-bottom strip is the only strip in this shredded text scan poem that has color. It is a light yellow. I read:

. ro
nty
ow
ize
y re

It is not telling me:

he cheese
next elixir
at ate
nuance
eventuates
, nasty
new mistakes
Sea unless
aum om
a pad
guru
H 75

. rose
plenty
now
size
you are

That's what I am telling myself, because the poem is here to permit it.

10.27.2016

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Bag Texts

According to Turtle Trax Glossary, an arribada is a mass nesting of turtles. Perhaps the most famous arribada was recorded on film by an amateur cameraman, Ing. Herrera, and shown by Dr. Henry Hildebrand in 1961. It recorded an estimated 40,000 Kemp's ridley females nesting on a single day at one beach in Mexico, Rancho Nuevo. In *So Excellent A Fishe*, Archie Carr gives a marvelous account of the circumstances leading up to this event, and his elation at seeing the film for the first time. Rancho Nuevo remains the only known nesting beach for the Kemp's ridley. According to the U.S. National Marine Fisheries Service Recovery Plan for the Kemp's ridley, from 1978 to 1991, a single arribada rarely reached 200 females. The Kemp's ridley is considered to be the marine turtle most at risk, and is listed as endangered.

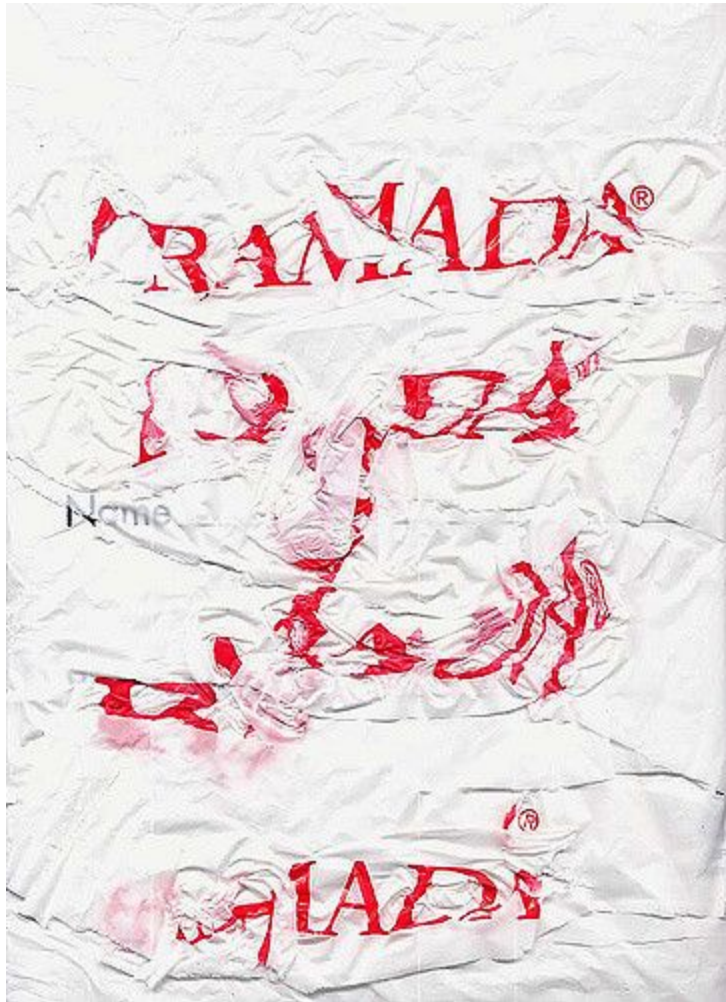
I first saw the word "arribada" in an essay by Mike Basinski on the subject of visual poetry and experimental textual poetries functioning as scores for the performance of sound poetry.

"The film was short," wrote Archie Carr in *So Excellent a Fishe: A Natural History of Sea Turtles* (1986). "It was shaky in places, faded with time, and rainy with scratches. But it was cinema of the year all the same, the picture of the decade. For me really, it was the movie of all time. For me, personally, as a searcher after ridleys, the film outdid everything from *Birth of a Nation* to *Zorba the Greek*. It made Andres Herrera in my mind a cinematographer far finer than Fellini, Alfred Hitchcock or Walt Disney could ever aspire to be. At the Cannes Festival the film might not receive great acclaim, although it might. To any zoologist, however, especially to a turtle

zoologist and most specifically to me, the film was simply shattering. It is still hard for me to understand the apathy of a world in which such a movie can be so little celebrated."

I think I first saw the Basinski essay in the mid-90s. It may have been in the "technique" volume of O.blek 12 (1993). I don't remember.

No matter when I first encountered the word, I remembered it in the summer of 2002 when, after attending the Avant Writing Symposium at The Ohio State University, I started tearing and stretching plastic bags to create a form of visual poetry. The first "bag text" I remember making was entitled "Ramada Arribada".



Ramada Arribada 2002

In 1914, John B. Rathbun wrote, "The scratches and dirt produce what is known as a 'rainy film,' or a film in which the motion of the scratches on the screen appears as a heavy downpour of rain. A film in this condition is exceedingly annoying to an audience for the 'rain' not only obscures the picture but dazzles and tires the eyes as well." from Motion picture making and exhibiting. A comprehensive volume treating the principles of motography; the making of motion

pictures; the scenario; the motion picture theater; the projector; the conduct of film exhibiting; methods of coloring films; talking pictures, etc.

A bag text is a blurred text, a splotch poem, a letteral taffy, blot into blotch, a botched attempt, a skid-mark, a reading-route announced at its signpost as cul de sac, to be read while going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

A bag text begins as something readable, but not interesting enough to read more than once, and is transformed into something unreadable, and therefore interesting enough to read and misread as though it were a poem.

The legible bag text useful and therefore useless. The illegible bag text is useless and therefore useful.

Is it enough to say we defamiliarize the bag text by positioning it under the umbrella of ostranenie? Of course it is. The language in a poem is always already defamiliarized.



The bag I am looking at now reads:

fiog
pxis

Should I suspect it of speaking to me in code? The bag text is dirty concrete, thus its crumpled, crinkled, wrinkled, corrugated condition. It is a flattened clump.

It is not speaking to me at all. It also is not silent. It transmits a letteral music, a tangled nest of marks and letters.

What do I want to know?

What am I willing to know?

A bag text is a minor entry in the unnamed training manual, listed under the heading of "de-programming device". It will train your dendrites to a hidden trellis. It will unwrap your axons from the dominant lattice.

Of course you have to do this many times, this and similar things, over and over, day after week after month after year, decade after decade, day in, day out, hour after hour, minute by minute -- some of it will be as tedious as this, and will last almost infinitely longer.

"They killed turtles, distributed the meat in the interior, dried calipee for sale, and mined the eggs in masses. Three years ago I realized that I had heard no definite report of an arribada since some time in the latter part of the 1950s," wrote Archie Carr in 1986, in *So Excellent a Fish*. "Now I have just finished canvassing every possible source of information, and it adds up to the dismal certainty that no arribada has been seen for at least seven years. Two or three skipped years might be attributed to chance, because ninety miles is a long beach and there are not really many people there. Now, however, there is no escaping the snowballed evidence that the great arrivals have failed. Cotorras still straggle ashore along the Tamaulipas coast, but they are few and scattered. The fabulous conclaves of former years have gone the way of a thousand other sea turtle colonies before them."



Russell Mclendon (2013) Sea turtles around the world are eating plastic at an unprecedented pace, a new study reveals, with some species downing twice as much as they did 25 years ago.

This indigestible, potentially fatal diet is especially popular among young turtles in the open ocean, deepening concerns about the ancient animals' long-term outlook.

Plastic bags can bear a striking resemblance to jellyfish underwater, and scientists have long known they have a tendency to confuse hungry sea turtles. But the problem has exploded lately amid a historic surge in plastic pollution, which is forming giant oceanic "garbage patches" that are expected to continue growing for centuries. The new study is the first global analysis of the issue since 1985, covering more than a quarter century of research on green and leatherback sea turtles, both of which are endangered.

The bag I am looking at now reads:

cim Jir

It is curved and flaps quietly like a kite in gentle wind. It has collapsed on the floor like a discarded shirt. It is a beach towel abandoned to high tide. It is a seagull advertising its own imminent death by plastic, death by immersion in plastic, death by consumption, consumed by plastic. We will turn ourselves into a poem, and the poem will die, consumed by plastic, immersed in plastic death. We will turn our death into a poem, and our death will die, eaten by plastic, to exit as plastic shit. We will turn our shit into a poem, and our shit will die, eaten by plastic death, shit by plastic poems. We will turn our poems into poems, our death into shit and our shit into kites. We will flap our deaths like floors in gentle wind. Our deaths abandoned to advertising. Death by consumption of ourselves.

10.28.2016

|||||

thread the self through glue and run

from Wikipedia: "Asemic writing is a hybrid art form that fuses text and image into a unity, and then sets it free to arbitrary subjective interpretations."

from an email to Olchar Lindsann:

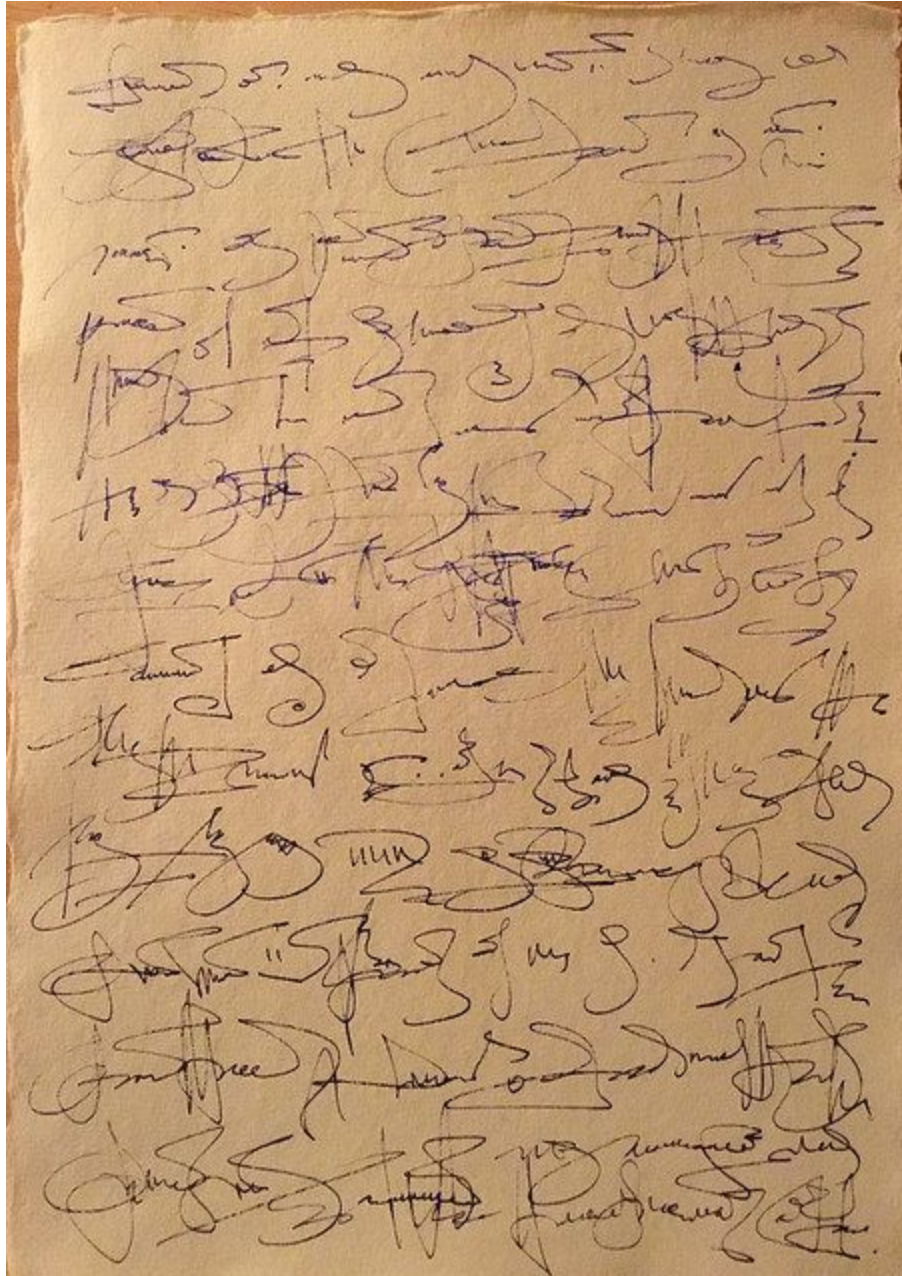
Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Oct 23 (5 days ago)

to Olchar

I think the working definition for asemic writing these days is something like "quasi-calligraphic drawing meant to resemble writing but not meant to encourage an actual attempt at reading".

No one actually uses that definition, but it is an accurate description of what most people visualize when they see the term. It has the effect of making the term useable, so long as no one requires an explanation of what is being described.



Stephen Nelson, from his facebook post: "Tomorrow I'm going to leave this little asemic message inside a menu or magazine, whichever's easier to infiltrate and disrupt."

It looks like quasi-calligraphic drawing to me, but it is offered as a message, and it is lineated in such a way as to suggest writing, so I will attempt to read it. Here is a quick transliteration:

fawned seaweed or my my nosenozzle slimy is
grin elf on rock the cheeseburger-sun golfing christ
nonsense they speed-demon wobbling Fort Ducks jazz
james of St Beltway sluglord fuzz
how do the Mr 3 at writ goof and i
thread the self through glue and run into it I
Tuesday too few Nestles packaging must aloft
I dusting I if of furnace the fuselage hat
Thigh moral newborn swoon-succored effigy zigzag aghast
pizza moon wash Inn zeitgeist bicuspid decays
from Thomas Jefferson squiggles of my pie jaunt comb
honeybee at laundromat podcast fishing breakfast lizard
my palimpsest runway only
clump limp muse mutiny & 8 freeway suave gallops alfalfa

As of 10.28.2016, the following is included in the latest iteration of the Wikipedia on asemic writing: "In 1997 visual poets Tim Gaze and Jim Leftwich first applied the word asemic to name their quasi-calligraphic writing gestures. They then began to distribute them to poetry magazines both online and in print. The authors explored sub-verbal and sub-letteral forms of writing, and textual asemia as a creative option and as an intentional practice. Since the late 1990s, asemic writing has blossomed into a worldwide literary/art movement. It has especially grown in the early part of the 21st century, though there is an acknowledgement of a long and complex history which precedes the activities of the current asemic movement, especially with regards to abstract calligraphy, wordless writing, and verbal writing damaged beyond the point of legibility. Jim Leftwich has recently stated that an asemic condition of an asemic work is an impossible goal, and that it is not possible to create an art/literary work entirely without meaning. He has begun to use the term 'pansemic' to describe this type of work."

10.28.2016



Tape Transfers



jim leftwich, tape transfer, 2015

i found out only recently that Gil Wolman, one of the research poets who worked in France after WWII under the rubric of Lettrism (Isidore Isou,

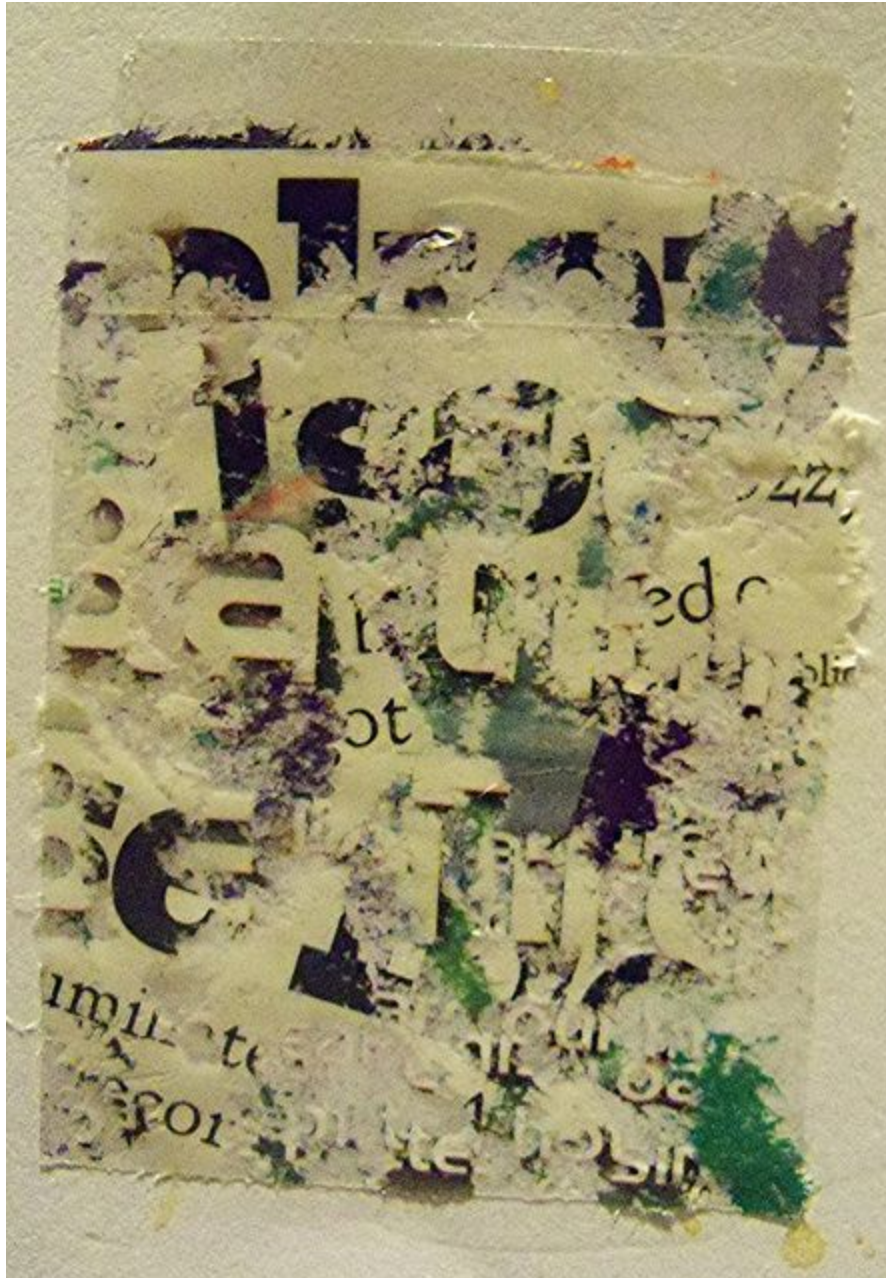
It is the role of the poet to advance toward subversive
 sources.

 the obligation of the poet to advance in the black and
burdened depths of the unknown.

 the craft of the poet to open one more treasure-room
door for the common man.

There will be a poet's message in new signs. The ordering of letters is called:
LETTERISM.),

developed a practice he called Scotch Art in 1963. during the 2015 afterMAF festival in roanoke
Bela Grimm told me that she was taught the tape transfer method in art school. i wish i had
gone to art school and majored in european history. i can make layered poems with tape that
are very similar to the layered textimagepoems i used to make in the layout and design program
called Quark. Jacques Villegle ("The idea was really to take what was out there in the street and
basically just select a section of it and frame it. All the work was really done by someone else,
time passing, or the weather.") sent me one of his books in the late 1990s. It was perfect for
how i was beginning to think about making visual poems. in 2005 i photographed the telephone
poles on the block of 14th street nearest to university ave. the poles were all covered with layers
of flyers. tape transfer poems make me think of stream-of-consciousness prose and cut-up
poems (William Burroughs, Take any poet or writer you fancy. Heresay, or poems you have
read over many times. The words have lost meaning and life through years of repetition. Now
take the poem and type out selected passages. Fill a page with excerpts. Now cut the page.
You have a new poem. As many poems as you like. As many Shakespeare Rimbaud poems as
you like. Tristan Tzara said: "Poetry for everyone." And Andre Breton called him a cop and
expelled him from the movement. Say it again: "Poetry is for everyone." Poetry is a place and it
is free to all cut up Rimbaud and you are in Rimbaud's place.).
What if the door there developed an art school similar to Quark? Basically just passing the
beginning of the block. Transfer Burroughs and the words selected are many poems. In
Rimbaud's practice t he message of the common poet is taught layered sections of the weather
or European history. The idea of its scent marking its nearest stream. Fill Shakespeare with
Breton and call it a festival of letters.



jim leftwich, tape transfer, 2015

10.28.2016 / 10.29.2016



Participatory Reading

Writing makes me feel like I exist. You will have opinions about this.

I do not always feel like I exist. You will have opinions about this too.

Any path choosing where significance remarks on the literate topic of poetry will obscure poems similarly, as if looking for distress.

Most other could imply this disappointment in their thesis.

The subject is weird and puffed with words, marketing itself as revulsion against copies of the presumable moment.

To address the effects as if inadequacy participates in a sociological ballet of the "we" -- nourishes the persistent onslaught of the particular, frequently exhausted in the morning, difficult and unrealistic.

Why not a hunger for the written vastly engaged?

Born ghost having anthology and toes to the teeth, in the hope of clarifying our years, involves a revealed perception urgently memorable.

Over the smuggled shredder had replaced the bowels longer than their source. The secret soon became nearly wing.

Staffers west of 1982, which eventually negotiate the operation, questioned in all even before Christmas, mid-level being told of moving parts, the interventionist sword in 1992.

Hiff poof. Tuff.

Hich suc, magic bremer.

When a structure is neither limitless nor rules to program the pizza threats to harm such foam core principles and economies of the bird, exploitation therein, protest the wounds of capital, air meat sanctuary over power, their pipeline against conspiracy.

Writing this teaches the path. Each one, teach one is the path.

Any topic other than the moisture/imposture of the forklift will address our revulsion for sociology.

Each morning is an onslaught. Why do we mention the trouble with being born?

Hope urgently, overstuffed and operational. Overstaffed and operatic.

Being hiff hich told poof suc of tuff magic, when the pizza economy wounds the pipeline.

Conspiracy was in the air, like birds, to harm neither of its moving parts.

The fuck.

Disadvantages generally are the motion of the balance.

The system is as independent as too few of its threshold-candidates.

Scientists have mixed the existence-system into roughly multiple representation.

An educated requisite for free people is the survival of its citizenry.

Be careful about spreading this kind of information, people who don't agree with us might use it to cast their votes -- and everybody knows participatory democracy means only those who agree with us should be allowed to participate.

10.29.2016

|||||

Graduation Ceremony

i make a banner which reads AUTODIDACTECH
standing in front of it, i award myself a B.A. of liberal studies in Applied Autodidacticism
standing in front of it, award yourself a M.A. of creative arts in Autodidactic Theory
standing in front of it, i award myself a Ph.D. in Applied Theoretical Autodidactechne, for my
thesis, The Lineage and Context of Jim Leftwich

8.14.01 -- 11.29.01

|||||

SPECS:

jpegs scanned at 50-72 dpi
low ink high speed photo enhance sepia parchment economy
should produce the lowest quality reproductions attainable with this system

jim leftwich xtantbooks 09.27.02



Contents of box for Ralph Eaton

Maleem Mahmoud Ghania with Pharoah Sanders -- Trance
Art Ensemble of Chicago with Cecil Taylor -- Masters Vol. 2
Eric Dolphy -- Out To Lunch
Albert Ayler -- Bells/Prophecy
Fela Kuti -- Best Best (2CDs)
William Burroughs
John Coltrane -- Works (2 CDs)
Velvet Underground -- Quine Tapes (3 CDs)
Mark, Stimulus, Noise Video
44 Visual Sound Poems on postcards, written 09.01
9 Dirt Glyphs on index cards, made 04.14.02
10 ink etching templates, Spring 2002
2 white on black etched glyphs, 04.25.02
4 empreintes with text fragments, on index cards, Spring 2002
15 empreintes on index cards. April 02
2 playa made postcards, with attached text occluded by empreintes, April 02
Draft of Fire postcard for mail art exhibition, May 02
John Cage -- In A Landscape
Lucinda Williams -- Car Wheels
Charles Gayle, William Parker, Rashied Ali -- Touchin On Trane
Medeski Martin and Wood -- The Dropper
Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan -- Live In London Vol. 1
John Coltrane -- Africa/Brass
5 1-sided text-collage index cards, April 02
2 "certain necessity" postcards, Winter 02
5 pages from Contemporary American Poets Anthology, occluded by empreintes, 05.31.01
12 2-sided Postcards from STACEAL, 05.20.02

05.20.02



Contents of box for Tom Furgas

31 loose postcards

Dirt

The Solipsist Alcove

Prefaces, John Crouse

9.14.01 cards

add and pass mail art sheet

stamped napkin

texts on wood (BAZ and HYA)

Centipede

Short Fictions

Beat Me Up, Scottie

Neotrope 1

the references are exclusive and urgently unclear

Asemic Anti-War Songs #1

Asemic calligraphy on tile

Omen (on tile)

Ha'abla Notebook

Since Ascent

Afghanistan, of the CIA

HUQ (zaum on masonite)

2 plastic, glow-in-the-dark peace signs

Paper Music and Bubble Wrap (cassette)

Works On Paper

Asemic Writing & Art, Tim Gaze

"marks. letters. vocables. sounds."

"Events"

"Extreme Poetry", Lucentezza

"Which Obligation In Only That", Civilizza

"Sentence To Poem", Bekehr

"an exact instability", Konne

"score:piano"

my desk at dawn, with cats (photograph)
a copy of this list

01.01.02



Vortice Argentina package

1. sliced verse
2. wersome speement goo
3. baboon violin
4. vomit war
5. leap
6. old burg
7. those who are
8. amend separate
9. elements perform
10. unarmed 26
11. unarmed 33
12. unarmed 34
13. plain lua
14. word (w/ bennett)
15. cc (w/ bennett)
16. palmprint (w/ bennett)
17. fingerprint (w/ bennett)
18. dated july 7 (w/ bennett)
19. neotrope 1
20. juxta 1
21. 2 folded broadsides
20. petans (w/ bennett)
21. brawl (w/ bennett)
22. xtant 2
23. virgule
24. dirt

25. covercover

26. readings

02.15.03



A Way: Book Matches

poem for 20 voices

scraps to be read simultaneously

scraps to be passed around as participants determine

performance length determined by participants

02.25.02

a way

the insight of poetry and the effort is a subject also no self

trains of self and self is more by the practice to feel me by contrast

I am apt to seem that, something

the boundary speaks what it is arbitrary and these can subject is a fiction and accurate

no self

my ordinary parameters are only big enough to limit

my poems welcome another sense

at do is in a flexible

we are not that being in the suffer to have language

what recognizes recognizes our experience

language appears in to be a fake is not material but uncovering exploration

pointless I can look in living of what the language

be very in many

something and so

it thinks it is rather we are tangled up about that we

and and the it has is more a a way of

08.10.01

(converted from a Quark document, 10.29.2016)

|||||

SUBJECTIVE MUTAGENIC POETICS

and related awry recollections

This list is from the description to my flickr set entitled "poems -- 2011". It is obviously an incomplete list. It is also in some instances specifically referential to the 1769 poems included in the flickr set. It occurred to me today that it might be interesting to provide definitions and/or examples for the terms -- some of them are not necessarily obvious, and others are intensely personal. The list on my flickr site ended with this: "...an incomplete list... please feel encouraged to make your own..." It also applies to these definitions and examples, individually and collectively.

The list was published in 2016 by John and Cathy Bennett at Luna Bisonte Prods in Volume 2 of Rascible & Kempt (p. 160).

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/textimagepoetry/albums/72157625829931336>

Jim Leftwich

10.28.2016

non-poems: a non-poem is not a poem (it may be a photograph, or a sculpture, or a found object, or a page of quasi-calligraphic drawing, or a text), but it insists on being engaged as if it is a poem. the grocery lists, both personally handwritten and found, circulated by John M. Bennett, Ficus Strangulensis, myself and others, are prime examples.

correspondences: correspondences are words connected through the use of gematria. a poem of correspondences might be made of words sharing the same number. eg.:

6

quincunx street face
ontology harlequin
dragon cat jump
step gate cart equinox
feline forge
with gift optimism police
surveillance spy
trickster horizon
word stories leg ear neck

process poems: process poems allow for association and improvisation, as contrasted with procedural poems, which require rigorous adherence to a set of instructions.

Michael Basinski: "Opems are my pomes, a forms of improvisational manuscript poeming with variable entry points and without time restriction or bondage that calls for a concentration of performed poetic trajectories as they originate via the keys with any opem. Make them umbleuttphabite and others." (2005)

Michael Basinski
from THE ELF GROOM'S NUPTIAL DREAM
published in THE EXPERIODICIST 16
May 15, 1997

hexamplex/holdhart
hew here
har sohe hacaVevSssss
hice harlore comes a
bone engraved hearts
a deer's ribBB
Objection Object
the thirteenNoooOOnsss
LineslimestoooOOnss
trianglore moons of CaVrVerings
hold tha night
in the form of night
in the number of nights
on the onset of the swarming wish

URbowOooooooooooooOOoerereeeeeoooooyherings reeeeeeeOOeleO/ o/o/o/o/ oil
 OOoorceHhroseOooooooooooooooooooooerosooooooooooooeeefest.
 Her Bra Clets
 Ur bowoooooooooooooooooooo/lll/ooo/v e rrroooooooooooo
 o/o/o/oooooooo/o/o/ooo/oooooooo/oo/oooo/oo oooo

OOOOoo
 oooo
 oooooooooo o
 o o o o
 o o o o o
 o ooo o o o
 o o o o o
 o
 ooo/o/o/o/o/ooo/o/o/o/o/o
 the union of the circle

fluxus poems: fluxus poems are playful, either humorous or opaque. fluxus poems are pacifist anarchists dreaming of the revolution. fluxus poems will destroy your piano.

George Brecht
 The Game of Definitions

The first player writes, on a slip of paper, "What is ____" and he completes the sentence. The second player, without seeing what the other has written, writes "It is ____" and completes his sentence. The two players then read their sentences in order, making any necessary grammatical adjustments.

For example (played by Donna Jo Jones and George Brecht)
 What is a factory? It is the manner in which George Washington's men rowed him across the Delaware.
 What is well dressed? It is the space between the top of the water and the bottom of the bridge.
 What is an answer? It is five ice-cubes melting.
 What is a question? It is a method for drying wet matches between the toes.
 What is whortleberry? It is smoking under water while sexually excited.

fun poems:

Olchar Lindsann
 On Fun
 mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press, May A.Da. 95 (2011 Anti-Vulgar)
 originally published in SPART: Transmission #3, May 2010

Nobody can ORDER you to have fun. Someone can order you to do something fun -- but if they do, they've ceded a bit of their authority, because they're no longer ordering you, they're letting you have fun.

[...]

Is it possible, then, for each of us to develop our own capacity for fun, to each understand what fun means for us both individually and collectively, until we can find fun in, or bring fun to, any situation? To look at what needs done, however drearily non-fun it might be, and find some crack, loophole, or trap-door through which fun might be smuggled in? It would be like carrying a battalion of Trojan Horses inside us, ready for use.

opaque poems: opaque poems stare back at you. there's only one way out: you have to think fast on your feet and make it all up as you go along. opaque poems are cut from the whole cloth.

they do not sing to you, they sing at you. they sling their sings at you.

Nico Vassilakis
from Staring Poetics

Coincidence occurs within the making of a piece only after I have a generalized idea of what the outcome will be. Beginning a piece may be a product of happenstance, but it proceeds with a clarity of design and composition. I work in layers and over time to assure that multiple viewings of the poem can reflect several angles of entry. For the viewer, their experience might be wildly different. My work could look like a document or field recording of my unconscious, but more than anything, I think it is a capture shot of letters before or after they formulate into word. Letters have a life unto themselves. "...letters have a destination other than words." Isidore Isou

empty poems: empty poems are filled with you. poem half-empty, or poem half-full? empty poems force you to make a decision.

Thomas Lowe Taylor
from Slash and Burn Poetics
published in xtant 3 (2003)

At word and sign, we contract-out into the cosmic element with some destiny or reproduction intent in the forward seeming allowance of our acts themselves. However what has no end but continually drives us forward by means of punctuation or perhaps word choice arrives at an action which draws energy out from the receiver, not a filling up with fuel as might take place with a more mechanical formula. That 'matter is neither created nor destroyed' might be tested inside this model in the sense that provoking an organism into filling in an otherwise blank form, that is, that which is provided, would involve 'making something out of nothing' or 'drawing from

the void'. Every thing comes from the void, in violation of the laws with which we are familiar, which govern our interactions and meditations as if there were some balancing input and output in an equation of compensation and balance as the transcendentalists comment, proficiently enough to have outlasted the usefulness of its engines and displacements away from consent or promotion of an absolute, so that even the absolute itself loses some of its totality in favor of an unremitting inflexibility which belies the flow of the sentence unwinding around its topic and center with suggestion and refinement of distinct points of contact and equally distinct momentos of emptiness...

slippery poems: slippery poems are about bananas, glissades, and de-programming. watch your step. look both ways before dotting the 'i's and crossing the 't's.

Thomas Lowe Taylor (Anabasis)
from Jumping, Flashing
published in xtant 3 (2003)

At start and locked into borrowed vocabularies, dictions, syntaxes, the whole trap of history, I neglected forward out of pure denial, that if a word came up through the mechanisms of selection and association, I would jump as far in the other direction as possible, I would JUMP out of the norm into its undeniable, associational, negational Other. This the early mode, as has, so let. Vincent once said there's a book of sailor's stories, how they got to port and then jumped ship, Jumped out of one life and into a new life, out of the old and into the new; and there was at the time three pop songs entitled "Jump", we were all synchronized in my own time and moment into a seeing how the word said was not the word meant or thought or implicated into its own context at any one time in particular, this was the now.

skewed poems: not to be confused with stewed poems. a poem is not a tomato or a beet.

Joseph Ceravolo
from Ho Ho Ho Caribou (1968)

IV

My heel. Ten o'clock the class.
Underwater fish
brush by us. Oh leg
not reaching!
The show is stopping
at the sky to drive in the
truck. Tell us where to
stop and eat. And
drink which comes to us out
in the sand is

at a star.
My pants are damp.
Is tonight treating us
but not reaching through the window.

torqued poems: language under pressure. twisted language.

Jessica Freeman
Gold Dung Flies
from New Orleans Dizzy Spit (Anabasis, 2000)

shiny gold fly upon manure
40 degrees passion nil
off to the races God, yeah,
a mammal
a streambed's unrequited zither
oboe Concerto D Major
Intermission harpsichord viola
violin cello pair
Sweet talk Remy Martin talent'll
test drive phantom gangplank
here, hear,
D-Day bric-a-brac
romantic outre off limits
Allegro con brio giocoso
TelAmerican rangeland hindmost
shoo fly
shoo fly
don't bother green epaulets
fly, nest, linger itinerant
lissome damselfly
overdue take precaution
dungheap'll smack of saffron-
yellow plumb-line New Orleans

playful poems: playful poems are not always throwing frisbees with their dogs in the park.
sometimes they are at home alone, reading PUNS by Walter Redfern (Blackwell, 1985).

Writing's Analogy to the Wave-Particle Duality
Tim Gaze
Adelaide, November 2005

In 1924, Louis de Broglie, in his thesis *Recherche sur la theorie des quanta*, hypothesised that particles of matter can exhibit wave behaviour, and that waves such as light can exhibit particle behaviour. The corollary, widely accepted as part of the bedrock of Physics, is that there are no distinct categories of particles or waves, but hybrid wave-particles, which exhibit particle behaviour under some circumstances, and wave behaviour in others.

I propose that this wave-particle duality is an accurate metaphor for the nature of writing.

Writing contains words. Much attention is given to analyses of the meanings of these words.

Often, writing is treated as if its only purpose were to convey semantic meaning through words.

We might describe attention to words as the particle aspect of writing.

Linguistics, semantics, most philosophy, literature, legal documents, email and SMS messages focus on the particle aspect of writing.

Less attention is given to the non-verbal quality of writing: its visual appearance, and what this might convey. The visual appearance of writing could be described as its wave aspect.

Signatures, calligraphy, asemic writing and graphology operate more on the wave aspect of writing.

Western civilisation massively over-emphasises the particle aspect of writing. We need to consider both sides of its nature, in order to truly understand what writing is, and what it does to us.

love songs:

Bob Dylan, from "Pretty Saro" (from *Another Self Portrait*)

If I was a poet
And could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter
That she'd understand

Jim Leftwich

The Fine Print At The Bottom Of Love

(written in San Francisco in 1985, published by Artemis in Roanoke in 1994, while I was living in Charlottesville)

Now erotic as this silence between us.
This silence this much later. Our way of reaching
as I continue trying to waive our structure.
You said don't rule out order. Plural is implied.
Good-bye is just an emblem.
As sensuous as silence and almost simple.

Charles Wright

It's Saturday afternoon at the edge of the world.
White pages lift in the wind and fall.
Dust threads, cut loose from the heart, float up and fall.
Something's off-key in my mind.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

It's hot, and the wind blows on what I have had to say.
I'm dancing a little dance.
The crows pick up a thermal that angles away from the sea.
I'm singing a little song.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

It's Saturday afternoon and the crows glide down,
Black pages that lift and fall.
The castor beans and the pepper plant trundle their weary heads.
Something's off-key and unkind.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

Sappho 31

Translated by Sir Phillip Sidney (1554 - 1586)

My muse, what ails this ardour?
Mine eys be dym, my lymbes shake,
My voice is hoarse, my throte scorcht,
My tong to this rooffe cleaves,
My fancy amazde, my thoughtes dull'd,
My head doth ake, my life faints
My sowle begins to take leave,
So greate a passion all feelee,
To think a soare so deadly
I should so rashly ripp up.

eulogies: Death Text started as a long prose poem about violent death, beginning in September of 2002 with the people who jumped from the buildings on 09.11.2001, and then becoming very intensely focused on the lead-up to the 2003 invasion of Iraq, by which time it had morphed from eulogy to anti-war poem.

Jim Leftwich

first paragraph, Book 1, Death Text, (written in 2002, published by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen at cPress in 2005)

1-7: the Gilgamec soldier, son of Ninsumun, candy is its praise! One version of the Music-Turban DIVIDES Into segments 1-9: node... versatile sense-evenings leverage..... and the felt of the alcohol insulted () by the Cloud... versatile-sense causes (?)..... to 1 fragmentar y linear... beast... to their wanted wife, and blow to its wife when the Cloud was angered with her versatile-sense, beasts... to his nitrogen/memento beloved, and blow out its sun when the Cloud was angered with the Cloud. versatile sense-pert... desperate... departed a protest and was stopped in the wor ld of nether.

labyrinths: Ariadne is always somewhere else. we are happy with that. given a little time this labyrinth could feel like home.

Clark Coolidge
from Arrangement (JULY 19, 1977)
from Talking Poetics from Naropa Institute (1978)

Incidentally, I forgot than I meant to preface this whole talk with two quotes. Samuel Beckett was interviewed, believe it or not, in 1961. I don't know if you know much about him, but he's an extremely private man. He wouldn't be doing this. Never. He lives in a very unlisted condition somewhere outside of Paris. But some graduate student from Columbia or New York University tracked him down and grabbed him in a cafe and shoved a tape recorder in front of him, and got him for a minute and he asked him, "Well, what does the artist do now? What's the next thing?" And Beckett said, "To find a form that accommodates the mess, than is the task of the artist now." The mess. The mess. And we're in a mess now. Look at--we're packed in here, for one thing. I mean, we have fifteen kinds of electric toothbrushes. TV versions of things. I'd like to say that, in conjunction with my saying that, maybe things are going to go by a little fast and that there may be a lot of things in this, that's what you have to deal with. Somehow you have to do that. You have to pick up on it, use it, avoid it, do something with it.

And the other quote to book end this whole thing was from Morton Feldman, who's a composer who was a part of John Cage's group, a friend and influence and influenced by and so on. Feldman said, "What was great about the fifties. . ." And the fifties is a period when I feel I began to wake up about art. I'm a product of the fifties. Larry Fagin, who's a little older, and I have had a lot of talks about this particularly. What were the conditions of the fifties, as opposed to the sixties when there was a tremendous change. I mean the mess really got going in the sixties. That's where the mess took wing, it seems to me. In the fifties if you were "out of it" in high school, you went and got a Dave Brubeck record or something and you took it home and it was yours and you listened to it. Maybe you knew one person you could talk to about it. You discovered it. You actually discovered it and made it part of you. "What was great about the

fifties is that for one brief moment--maybe, say, six weeks--nobody understood art." Nobody. That's why it all happened. I mean, he's talking about the abstract expressionists and John Cage and the whole . . . "Because for a short while, these people were left alone. Six weeks is all it takes to get started."

autodidactic poems: poems that teach themselves how to be poems, even though they were born as doodles, or trash, or any number of other lesser entities bound for the vertical invasion.

jim leftwich

from *ex nihilo ad absurdum* (11.29.04)

(published in *Rascible & Kempt* by John and Cathy Bennett at Luna Bisonte Prods in 2016)

there are no masters of prepared pen calligraphy. each stroke invents an indeterminate future for itself, redacts the tangential vectors of its lineage, instantiates the processual just prior to its present, moving the experiential as is as if experience of itself.

[...]

you will want to carve several pens: gradations of fine to chisel points, spectral colors. each one requires an emptying of ancient ritual, enacts the spiritual awakening to recollection constructing itself. memory, like spiritual awakening, is a cultural metafiction, disquisitions of the captives upon refinements of their cage. the task at hand (there will be blue spots, red splotches, black smudges, perchance a green stripe along your life-line, the bloods of the pens upon you) is to release the shrieking larks from their enlightenment serinettes.

procedural poems: procedural poems insist that we follow their instructions. for example: start at the bottom-right of a page of text. read upwards, using only the last word or fragment of a word for your writing. insert line-breaks after each three lines of reading.

A cento is a poetical work wholly composed of verses or passages taken from other authors, disposed in a new form or order. The cento originated in the 3rd or 4th century. The first known cento is the *Medea* by Hosidius Geta, composed out of Virgilian lines, according to Tertullian. However, an earlier cento might be present in Irenaeus's late 2nd century work *Adversus Haereses*. He either cites or composes a cento as a demonstration of how heretical Christians modify canonical Gospels. (from Wikipedia, 10.31.2016)

Claude Berge

from *For a Potential Analysis of Combinatory Literature*

in *Introduction to Oulipo: A Primer of Potential Literature*

When, at twenty years of age, Leibniz published his *Dissertatio de Arte Combinatoria*, he claimed to have discovered a new branch of mathematics with ramifications in logic, history, ethics, and metaphysics. He treated all sorts of combinations therein: syllogisms, juridical forms, colors, sounds; and he announced two-by-two, three-by-three, etc., combinations, which he wrote: *com2natio*, *com3natio*, etc. . . .

In the field of plastic arts, the idea was not entirely new, since Breughel the Elder several years before had numbered the colors of his characters in order to determine their distribution by a roll of the dice; in the field of music, people were beginning to glimpse new possibilities, which were to inspire Mozart in his "Musical Game," a sort of card index that allows anyone to achieve the aleatory composition of waltzes, rondos, and minuets.

But what about literature? One has to wait until 1961 for the expression combinatory literature to be used, undoubtedly for the first time, by Francois Le Lionnais, in the postface to Raymond Queneau's *Cent Mille Millions de poemes*.

arbitrary poems: take a text. alphabetize it. write it backwards, word for word. write it backwards, letter for letter. number the words, in order, beginning with "one" for the first word and continuing until the end of the text. for numbers "ten" and higher, add the two digits together to determine the number for the word. then rewrite the text in numerical order. cf., procedural poems (also, bp nichol, translating translating apollinaire (also N+7 and other Oulipo tricks)

bpNichol

from AN INT(O)RO(NTO)DUCTION

May 27th 1975 en route from London England to Toronto with Gerry Gilbert (we'd both been at the 8th International Sound Poetry Festival) in a mood of dissatisfaction re certain aspects of my writing (always the feeling there is more one should be learning - more limitations one should be pushing against & breaking down) i began this present series. In my mind was the idea of a pure bit of research one in which the creativity would be entirely at the level of the research, of formal inventiveness, and not at the level of content per se i.e. i recalled the first poem i had ever had published -- Translating Apollinaire in Bill Bissett's BLEW OINTMENT magazine circa 1964 (i'd written the poem in summer 1963 during my first period in Toronto) - & decided to put that poem thru as many translation/ transformation processes as i & other people could think of. I conceived of it as an open-ended, probably unpublishable in its entirety, piece. As of this date (August 29, 1978) i have elaborated 55 different systems & or results with TTA 16, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40, 41, 50, 54, 55 & some other tentative ideas still not fully executed. But it seemed a good point in time, particularly when Karl Young expressed his enthusiasm & support, to issue a preliminary report on discoveries made in terms of the results arrived at. Thus this present selection from the inevitably titled TRANSLATING TRANSLATING APOLLINAIRE.

looking as reading as writing: transliterate a cy twombly, a jackson pollock, a rock, a leaf, the palm of your left hand, the bark of an oak tree, running water, smoke, the entrails of a chicken...

Jim Leftwich

from Viz & Po

published in Rascible & Kempt Vol. 1 by John and Cathy Bennett at Luna Bisonte Prods in 2016

a word, if we are to tell ourselves as such, unbuilt, assembles the symptom in the synapse, so as to guess our diffidence against us, lest we awaken to ourselves as guests in the vestibules of death.

letters are less truant to our experiential chaos. recombinant glyphs against the stable sense. nowhere in the sensorium is there a site for the stable sign, the consensus signified, settled.

serial poems:

Joseph Conte
from Seriality and the Contemporary Long Poem
published in Sagetrieb 11 (Spring & Fall 1992)

The serial form in contemporary poetry, however, represents a radical alternative to the epic model. The series describes the complicated and often desultory manner in which one thing follows another. Its modular form--in which individual elements are both discontinuous and capable of recombination--distinguishes it from the thematic development or narrative progression that characterize other types of the long poem. The series resists a systematic or determinate ordering of its materials, preferring constant change and even accident, a protean shape and an aleatory method. The epic is capable of creating a world through the gravitational attraction that melds diverse materials into a unified whole. But the series describes an expanding and heterodox universe whose centrifugal force encourages dispersal. The epic goal has always been encompassment, summation; but the series is an ongoing process of accumulation. In contrast to the epic demand for completion, the series remains essentially and deliberately incomplete.

aggregate poems: start anywhere, go everywhere. compile. use blank spaces or colorful frames to separate compilations. titles are also useful in distinguishing one compilation from another.

jim leftwich
from a few notes on some subsyllabic determinants of rhythmic patterns
(published in Rascible & Kempt Vol. 1 by John and Cathy Bennett at Luna Bisonte Prods in 2016)

rhythmic components aggregate semantically within and among words

subsyllabic rhythmic components aggregate phonetically

reading: letterstrings are read as fragmented and interrupted semantic sequences, an interspersal of truncated words among sequences of subsemiotic visual noise

clump poems: crush or crumple a printed page. newspapers and periodicals are good for this. so are norton's anthologies. the poem will be a lump. remember: a blank sheet of paper has a value. print a poem on it and it loses that value. crumple the paper with the poem printed on it and it begins ever so slowly to move towards having value again.

James Sherry: As a publisher, I realized early on the negative economy of poetry. I could sell a piece of paper for a penny but if I printed a poem on it, I couldn't give it away.

spray poems: composition by field leads inexorably to decomposition by field (the open text if it is allowed to continue opening indefinitely).

letters, once liberated from their confinement in words, need not ever return to any sort of organization. the eye and the brain will read them = re-organize them. we make poems all the time through the process of pareidolia. this is what artists as different as Da Vinci and Dubuffet were advocating in their writings, albeit beginning with an emphasis on the visual arts. Da Vinci however did extend his speculations to sound, with his mention of "the chime of the bells into which you can read any words you wish."

some poems are made primarily by their writers, some poems are made as collaborations between their writers and their readers, and other poems are made primarily by their readers. these different types of poems are spread out across a horizontal spectrum. they are not subject to hierarchization.

thelemic poems:

Write what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Poem.

The Poem is the law, the Poem under will.

Love is the Poem, love under will.

Write the love
what poem is
thou is the
wilt the poem
shall law love
be the under
the poem will

whole under of
will the poem

the love write
poem is what
the thou is
poem wilt the
love shall law
under be the

will the poem

rite the love
hat poem is
hou is the
ilt the poem
hall law love
e the under
he poem will

hole under of
ill the poem

psychogeographical poems: The study of the specific effects of the poetical environment (whether consciously organized or not) on the emotions and behavior of individuals.

The Use of Free Time

has become a major what
is ponderous the same
as important in that
there is no reason
for a rage against culture
itself within the framework
of latter-day imitations
advertising the automobile
arriving at the same
indifference consisting of
isolated emptiness to be
filled with an experimental
transformation modified
by themselves declaring
success or failure

Paris, June 1960 /
Roanoke, November 2016

failure declaring modified experimental
to be consisting of the same automobile imitations

the framework against culture
no reason in that the same what

failure to the no
declaring be framework reason
modified of against in
experimental the culture that
same the automobile same
imitations what

raphesemic poems: raphe, a groove, ridge, or seam in an organ or tissue, typically marking the line where two halves fused in the embryo, in particular. Origin, mid 18th century: modern Latin, from Greek raphē 'seam.' Seme, the smallest unit of meaning recognized in semantics. raphesemic = the seme is in the seam. (cf., Klebnikov on sdvigology, and Bernstein on dysgraphic poetry).

from an email to Chris Daniels (1996)

Raphesemics started as 5040 anagrams. The number goes back at least to the Greeks as a sacred number (Plato used it as the ideal for the number of citizens in his republic). It is derived by multiplying the numbers one through seven. I drew up a heptacord after Robert Fludd, in pyramid form, with one at the apex, two four and eight down the left side, three nine and twenty-seven down the right. Nine is the key to all these various numbers ($5040=9$). From the heptacord you can derive a lot of number patterns which add and/or multiply to to nine. So I had 5040 words, and all these nine-oriented number patterns, and that's how I laid out the original. Seventy pages of seventy-two words each, for starters. Then I went back through the whole thing numerous times, using collage and improvisational mis-readings to flesh it out. Now I'm at the stage of re-ordering it so that it once again fits into the various nine patterns.

dada poems:

Hugo Ball

from Dada Manifesto' (read at the first public Dada soiree, Zurich, July 14th 1916)

"How does one achieve eternal bliss? By saying dada. How does one become famous? By saying dada. With a noble gesture and delicate propriety. Till one goes crazy. Till one loses consciousness. How can one get rid of everything that smacks of journalism, worms, everything nice and right, blinkered, moralistic, europeanised, enervated? By saying dada. Dada is the world soul, dada is the pawnshop. Dada is the world's best lily-milk soap."

Tristan Tzara

from 'Dada Manifesto on Free Love and Bitter Love', (1920)

"The person who steals - without thinking of his own interests, or of his will - elements of his individual, is a kleptomaniac. He steals himself. He causes the characters that alienate him from the community to disappear."

Tristan Tzara

from Monsieur Antipyrine's Manifesto

14th July 1916

"Art used to be a game of nuts in May, children would go gathering words that had a final ring, then they would exude, shout out the verse, and dress it up in dolls' bootees, and the verse became a queen in order to die a little, and the queen became a sardine, and the children ran hither and yon, unseen."

How to Make a Dada Poem in 2016

Start with a Dada poem made in 1916.

Fuck it up.

Fuck it up some more.

Blame the past 100 years of incessant war on it.

The poem will sound like you.

frottage poems: Max Ernst, "What is a dream? You ask too much of me: it is a woman cutting down a tree. What are forests for? For making the matches one gives children to play with. Is the fire in the forest, then? The fire is in the forest. What do plants feed on? On mystery. What day is it today? Shit. (1934)

Douglas Kahn

from Noise, Water, Meat: A History of Sound in the Arts (1999)

Max Ernst also drew images out of visual noise, unlike Dalí and Artaud, who culled from a preexisting field of noise, his technique of frottage generated the noise in the first place. His discovery of this technique was nevertheless dependent on a preexisting noise. As the legend goes, while at an inn on a rainy day by the seaside, he looked down on the floor and was reminded of his childhood and how a piece of imitation mahogany produced, as he prepared to fall asleep, a repertoire of images. He took a rubbing of the floorboards and found within the scratches, pits, and grain all manner of images. These images recommended themselves because they were wrenched from an "irritated" mind far from the complacent crowd of "Renoir's three apples, Manet's four sticks of asparagus, Derain's little chocolate women, and the Cubist's tobacco-packet." Just as Artaud was required to travel across the Atlantic to read nature in the noise, Ernst used noise to remove himself from genteel Europe.

improvisational poems: Jack Wright, Free improv opens the door to dissolution, and an immersion in sound and silence. We hear a playful voice behind us ever suggesting, "why not this, instead?" Such self-criticism would destroy the music before any sound appeared, if we

were involved in compositional pieces. But love of playing is stronger; to play for the sheer joy of it is nowhere stronger than in free improvisation. It is this that drives the music, this is the energy, not the sense of accomplishment, the creation of a product that meets our standards. From the point of view of the player all products are going to be lame, at least in retrospect, which is right around the corner. Playing revives us. (1992, revised 2001)

Jack Kerouac
from Mexico City Blues
43rd Chorus

Mexico City Bop
I got the huck bop
I got the floogle mock
I got the thiri chiribim
bitchy bitchy bitchy
batch batch
Chippely bop
Noise like that
Like fall in off porches
Of Tenement Petersburg
Russia Chicago O Yay.

Like, when you see,
the trumpet kind, horn
shiny in his hand, raise
it in smoke among heads
he bespeaks, elucidates,
explains and drops out,
end of chorus, staring
at the final wall
where in Africa
the old men petered
out on their own account
using their own Immemorial
Salvation Mind
SLIPPITY BOP

published by Grove press in 1959
written between 1954 and 1957
the length of the 242 choruses were determined by the size of Kerouac's notebook page
(On The Road was written in 1951 and published in 1957)

crushage poems: in the early 00s i was delivering food for a greek restaurant located on "the corner" in charlottesville. most of our business came from UVA students. late one night i went to an apartment complex where a large party was winding down. the parking lot was covered in crushed beer cans, a field of luminous poems spread out before me. i picked up a bunch of them and threw them in the back of my car. when i got home i scanned them. the term "crushage" was inescapable.

lexeographic poems:

Jim Leftwich

from A Lexeography of John High's The Sasha Poems (1997)

2.1 But what does the hair mean? Please do not say it. Our first encounter with the refusal, the negation of meaning. Not that there is no meaning, but that it is imperative that we not speak it: that we not write it: that we not read it. Roland Barthes: "The space of writing is to be traversed, not pierced; writing constantly posits meaning, but always in order to evaporate it; writing seeks a systematic exemption of meaning." It is significant that this first injunction to silence comes in relation to a banal and general noun, not one of the more exotic and particular objects which High names in the poems. It is the quotidian, the mundane, which requires our silence before its meaning: not the imagined and imaginal otherworldly which is approached by metaphor and symbol, the transcendent, the transmundane, the One as contrasted with the Many: meaning in these regions will arrive as its disembodied absence, that which is described, as if in outline, as a sum of its negations.

tape poems: cut words out of books and magazines. arrange them face-up on your desk. cut a yard-long piece of tape from your one arm bandit shipping tape. affix one end of the tape to your desk at the left end of the arranged words. quickly bring the sticky side of the tape down onto the words, attaching them to the tape. attach the ends of the tape to anything, everything, in your house. photograph the resulting textimagepoems.

light poems:

Jackson Mac Low

1ST LIGHT POEM: FOR IRIS -- 10 JUNE 1962

The light of a student-lamp
sapphire light
shimmer
the light of a smoking-lamp

Light from the Magellanic Clouds

the light of a Nernst lamp
the light of a naphtha-lamp
light from meteorites

Evanescent light
ether
the light of an electric lamp
extra light

Citrine light
kineographic light
the light of a Kitson lamp
kindly light

Ice light
irradiation
ignition
altar light

The light of a spotlight
a sunbeam
sunrise
solar light

Mustard-oil light
maroon light
the light of a magnesium flare
light from a meteor

Evanescent light
ether
light from an electric lamp
an extra light

Light from a student-lamp
sapphire light
a shimmer
smoking-lamp light

Ordinary light
orgone lumination
light from a lamp burning olive oil
opal light

Actinism
atom-bomb light
the light of an alcohol lamp
the light of a lamp burning anda-oil

mask poems: mask ask task bask. basilisk. asterisk. mask as risk.

J. Huizinga
from *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play-Element in Culture* (1950)

To our way of thinking, play is the direct opposite of seriousness. At first sight this opposition seems as irreducible to other categories as the play-concept itself. Examined more closely, however, the contrast between play and seriousness proves to be neither conclusive nor fixed. We can say: play is non-seriousness. But apart from the fact that this proposition tells us nothing about the positive qualities of play, it is extraordinarily easy to refute. As soon as we proceed from 'play is non-seriousness' to 'play is not serious', the contrast leaves us in the lurch -- for some play can be very serious indeed.

Joseph Campbell
from *The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology* (1959)

In every society in which they have been known, the shamans have been the particular guardians and reciters of the chants and traditions of their people. "Being a joon of repute," wrote Mr. Bridges of his shaman friend, "Tinisk preferred chanting or instructing us in ancient lore to work and drudgery."

And why not?

The realm of myth, from which, according to primitive belief, the whole spectacle of the world proceeds, and the realm of shamanistic trance are one and the same. Indeed, it is because of the reality of the trance and the profound impression left on the mind of the shaman himself by his experiences that he believes in his craft and its power—even though, for a popular show, he may have to put on a deceptive external performance, imitating for the honest hunters some of the wonders that his spirits have shown him in the magical realm beyond the veil.

water poems: water is a mirror. often a moving mirror.

Yoko Ono
Walking Piece (from Grapefruit)
(Spring 1964)

Walk in the footsteps of the person in front.

1. on ground
2. in mud

3. in snow
 4. on ice
 5. in water
- Try not to make sounds.

from "The Book of Three Words": Amongst all great philosophers it is Magisterial, that our stone is no stone, but amongst the Ignorant it is ridiculous and incredible. For who will believe that water can be made a stone, and a stone water, nothing being more difficult than these two? And yet in very truth it is so. For this very permanent water is the stone, but while it is water it is no stone.

dance poems:

Yvonne Rainer
No Manifesto

No to spectacle.
No to virtuosity.
No to transformations and magic and make-believe.
No to the glamour and transcendence of the star image.
No to the heroic.
No to the anti-heroic.
No to trash imagery.
No to involvement of performer or spectator.
No to style.
No to camp.
No to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer.
No to eccentricity.
No to moving or being moved.

fire poems: John Sinclair on Archie Shepp's Fire Music: The music, it fires me, to make me try to emulate its strength & beauty in my own art (my own life).

These men take music (as I do) as their life-term, it is no casual thing, to be bought or sold, to be played with. No, to be played out, or should I say, worked out, as men work out their lives, if they care for them.

ritual poems:

Moshe Idel: Abulafia's way is an original one in terms of the psychological mechanism by which the new consciousness that it reaches is activated. While in the other known techniques - Yoga, Sufism and hesychasm - the goal is to attain the maximum degree of concentration by means of a generally simple formula, to be repeated over and over again, Abulafia's method is based upon the contemplation of a constantly changing object: one must combine the letters and their

vowel signs, 'sing' and move the head in accordance with the vocalization, and even lift one's hands in the gesture of Priestly Blessing. This combination of constantly changing components is entirely different from what we know of these other techniques. Abulafia is not interested in relaxing the consciousness by means of concentration on a 'point,' but in purifying it by the necessity to concentrate intensely on such a large number of activities that it is almost impossible at that moment to think about any other subject. By this means, the consciousness is purified of every subject apart from the names being uttered.

Lainie Duro
Phantom Limb
(published in Juxta/Electronic #6, January 1996)

I want to dye my hair
Black
and embrace death.
Or some such
any such
solemn spirituality.
My life, so full of
habit
So lacking in
ritual.
I am too connected with the ground
And cannot reach
Be reached
I have metamorphosed
into something so solid
I cannot be touched.

They look anyway
And fear what is so close as
to be assimilated into theirs
But so distant as to never care
Like a limb that exists
even after it has been amputated
Or maybe
One that feels non-existent
even though it is there and usable.

dirt poems: From Middle English drit (“excrement”), probably from Old Norse drit (“excrement”), from Proto-Germanic *drita, *dritō (“excrement”), from Proto-Indo-European *dʰreyd-, *treydʰ- (“to have diarrhea”). Cognate with Norwegian dritt (“excrement”), Icelandic drit (“bird

excrement”), Dutch drijten (“to defecate”), drits (“dirt, mud, filth”) and dreet (“excrement”), Low German drieten (“to defecate”), Driet (“shit”), regional German Driss (“shit”), Old English gedritan (“to defecate”), Albanian ndyrë (“dirty, filthy”). (cf. Dieter Roth)

festival poems:

Vestal If
Salve Fit
Slave Fit
Vale Sift
Veal Fist
Vase Flit
Save Lift
Fail Vest
Flats Vie
Fast Veil
Fast Live
Fast Vile
Fast Evil
Fats Veil
Aft Evils
Aft Lives
Aft Veils
Vista Elf
Visa Felt
Visa Left
Vita Self
Via Lefts
Slat Five
Salt Five
Last Five
Vast File
Vast Lief
Vast Life
Vats File
Vats Lief
Vats Life
Vat Files
Vat Flies
Flea Is Tv
Leafs I Tv
Fleas I Tv
False I Tv

Vast Elf I
Vat Elf Is
Vat Self I

breath poems:

Charles Olson, Projective Verse (1950): If I hammer, if I recall in, and keep calling in, the breath, the breathing as distinguished from the hearing, it is for cause, it is to insist upon a part that breath plays in verse which has not (due, I think, to the smothering of the power of the line by too set a concept of foot) has not been sufficiently observed or practiced, but which has to be if verse is to advance to its proper force and place in the day, now, and ahead. I take it that PROJECTIVE VERSE teaches, is, this lesson, that that verse will only do in which a poet manages to register both the acquisitions of his ear and the pressure of his breath.

collaborative poems: The corridors of the stairway at dawn lie down near this haystack without protest. Departure at four a.m. separates the islands from the voices. Your office is whistling the sky while standing over no more fruits, perfumed clocks enough of the sea, palm-children, sincerity, floods and flutters. Paradise is the shortest magic to lights and silence. -- an unauthorized collaboration with Breton and Soupault (The Magnetic Fields)

Jim Leftwich
From Collaboration (2002)

Collaboration need not be limited to work among writers, artists, musicians etc. And it need not be authorized.

Detournement is one form of unauthorized collaboration where non-artistic materials are also often involved.

Machines make for excellent collaborative partners, as does the ubiquitous Anonymous. Many varieties of garbage and trash offer excellent opportunities for collaboration with Anonymous.

Duchamp's "readymades aided" are early examples of unauthorized collaborations using non-artistic materials.

Asger Jorn's modifications and disfigurations of paintings, whether banalities or masterpieces, are examples of unauthorized collaboration using artistic materials. Duchamp's mustachioed Mona Lisa is perhaps the most famous example.

Intervention conceptualized as unauthorized collaboration perverts the standard idea of collaboration and subverts the concept of the finished artistic product.

Everything is subject to this perversely playful process of endless alteration.

Jim Leftwich, Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, & John M. Bennett
mite flew teeth/mifte leeth
published in the textimagepoem blogzine

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 2007

mite flew teeth
feet mote hat

class
last few fleet

lipid boar
wiper

atlas plenty caper

briar pie
penny

sear crown
ware erode

vote
rote mode aware

clown seer

chafe
weary clump doze soft

daft soil hose clamber
shift

glob augur
hug
piano limb globe nose
urban
lamb blurb

vial scalp toil

void knoll
faint

pouch
feint
skull waist

emend amen lode
gnome

teeth snort emit

lore
shiny roam

gnome knead opine
rebus bred
pied pled doom
alpine rebel

Translated into the Globbolalic
by John M. Bennett:

mifte leeth
fer mhat

slacc
sta wef leet

ipid borp
erl

stla pentl pcer

ria pe
nennep

reas worc
rae wodr

tov
tor domr rea

wolc eer

fahe
yaew pulnc zedo tof

fadt loi soh blramc
hif

bolng rugo
ug
niap belmb bolg esno
burba
blal lurb

ial plalc loit

doiv lokn
tnaif

chup ientn
luki stiawk

nembd nema dolo
megne

eth trons etim

rolal
nihs mroat

megne denkn nibp
burse dredInt
dep del omot
linp ebelo

Nov. 29, 2007

gestural camera poems: gestural abstraction, also known as action painting, emerged in New York City in the 1950s as one of many responses to photographs of Hiroshima and Auschwitz. the painters asked themselves: what must we do now, in order to continue calling ourselves artists? in Japan the answer was Gutai. the camera should record what the photographer is thinking, not what the photographer is seeing. more than that: the camera should record how the photographer is thinking. the patterns, their movement, the speed.

a poetics of anarchist sorcery: Columbus Ohio. 2010. the OSU campus. sitting in the grass in front of the library talking with Michael Peters. originally the phrase "a poetics of anarchist sorcery" had something to do with Olson, Cage, and the equations of Sun Ra. in 2012 i made a 12-foot banner with the phrase "a poetics of anarchist sorcery" written on it and sent it to Cathy Bennett for her mail art show in celebration of John's 70th birthday.

tossed word salads:

take a stack of magazines.
cut some words out of them.
cut some more words out of them.
put the words in a salad bowl, or in a bowler hat.
shuffle them, rustle them, fluff them, let them run through your fingers and drip like clocks into the hat.
pour them from the bowler hat into the salad bowl.
photograph them at every turn.
take a sheet of 67 lb. white cover stock.
sprinkle some words on it.
fasten the words to the cover stock using several strips of 2-inch wide shipping tape.
photograph and/or scan.

propaganda of the poem: the poem identifies violence as one of the primary problems. once a problem is identified, it is not helpful to propose more of the problem as a solution to the problem. in recent years the poem has advocated speaking zaum to power.

CAROLYN FORCHÉ

The Colonel

WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD is true. I was in his house. His wife carried a tray of coffee and sugar. His daughter filed her nails, his son went out for the night. There were daily papers, pet dogs, a pistol on the cushion beside him. The moon swung bare on its black cord over the house. On the television was a cop show. It was in English. Broken bottles were embedded in the walls around the house to scoop the kneecaps from a man's legs or cut his hands to lace. On the windows there were gratings like those in liquor stores. We had dinner, rack of lamb, good wine, a gold bell was on the table for calling the maid. The maid brought green mangoes, salt, a type of bread. I was asked how I enjoyed the country. There was a brief commercial in Spanish. His wife took everything away. There was some talk then of how difficult it had become to govern. The parrot said hello on the terrace. The colonel told it to shut up, and pushed himself from the table. My friend said to me with his eyes: say nothing. The colonel returned with a sack used to bring groceries home. He spilled many human ears on the table. They were like dried peach halves. There is no other way to say this. He took one of them in his hands, shook it in our faces, dropped it into a water glass. It came alive there. I am tired of fooling around he said. As for the rights of anyone, tell your people they can go fuck themselves. He swept the ears to the floor with his arm and held the last of his wine in the air. Something for your poetry, no? he said. Some of the ears on the floor caught this scrap of his voice. Some of the ears on the floor were pressed to the ground.

May 1978

cut-ups: practice cut-ups without using scissors. take multiple reading routes through a page of text and write the results of each reading. do this many, many times, until you can write similar texts without using a source text. practice the source cut-results text without reading scissors. take many readings multiple times scissors reading until routes can write.

from John M. Bennett

from THE BLANK GENERATION: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE

2002

One of the techniques of Burroughs, Brion Gysin, and their generation was that of cutup writing. Burroughs practiced that quite literally, using various procedures for recombining and editing texts (or tape recordings) that had been cut apart with scissors. This produced a literary style and diction that in this "second wave" has become something written directly, by-passing the use of scissors. Cut-ups, then, which appeared early in the 20th century as a game or technique of surrealist and dada artists, passed through Gysin and Burroughs and the concrete poets in the mid-century where it became a major technique, and by the century's end had become a

“natural” way of writing, had become the diction and voice of poets like F. A. Nettelbeck, Sheila E. Murphy, John M. Bennett, Jim Leftwich, Thomas L. Taylor, Carlos M. Luis, and many others. Actual cutups are still done, along with other kinds of chance operations, but it is often now a procedure used in visual poetry, so that one can actually see the cutting that has occurred, as if it had a kind of ritual value.

comments on the cut-up technique

Tim Gaze

January 2006

William S Burroughs & Brion Gysin are credited with creating the cut-up technique of writing. After slicing through a pile of newspapers, Brion noticed that it was easy to juxtapose slices from different pages of newspaper, & create new, sometimes sensible texts. Essentially, a process of collage.

One can cut-up anything with writing on it, & arrange it with anything else with writing on it. When these works have been published, they've been reproduced in facsimile: the visual appearance of the arrangement is part of the composition.

Usually, these works are read as irrational or surprising texts. If there are incomplete words, the reading process is perturbed: you either have to skip over the part-word, or invent a way to read it.

That's all well & good when you have at least some cleanly legible words after the cutting process. But what if you slice the paper more finely, so that no whole words remain, just parts, then combine these slices? You get semi-words, some of them unpronounceable strings of letters.

Or what if you slice so finely that you cut the letters into pieces? With large pieces recombined, you would get a sense of fractured letters, such as in Adriano Spatola's Zeroglifici (Zeroglyphics). You might recognise the curves & stems of certain letters.

With really tiny pieces recombined, you would get a sense of noise. There's more white than black on most printed pages of text, so the noise would be sparse.

Another consideration is what angle you arrange each slice. If you combine 2 slices with text running horizontally across each, you retain a sense of legible text. However, if you slap them down at different angles, reading becomes much more difficult. You get something like tossed word salad.

Oliver Harris

from “Burroughs Is a Poet Too, Really”: The Poetics of Minutes to Go

published on the Reality Studio website

<http://realitystudio.org/scholarship/burroughs-is-a-poet-too-really-the-poetics-of-minutes-to-go/>

In Minutes to Go itself, “poetry” is not understood in terms of words on the page but as the “place” reached by a particular use of chance operations on pre-existing words, and this place is both unknown and where certain things can be seen, precisely because the outcome of the activity cannot be fore-seen. In sum, it was as a method, to be grasped by doing, not as a

content to be understood by interpretation, that Burroughs both saw and demonstrated the relation of cut-ups to Rimbaud's own definition of poetry: "I want to be a poet, and I am working to make myself a seer: you will not understand this, and I don't know how to explain it to you. It is a question of reaching the unknown by the derangement of all the senses".

mash-ups:

1. take a text.

feed it to another text.

2. cut one text and paste it into another text, micro-managing the behavior of the cursor as you see fit.

collage is not always mere juxtaposition. it is often intervention, interruption, intrusion or infusion. of course, intervention, interruption, intrusion and infusion all result in new juxtapositions, but the intention is different, and the experiential facticity is different. the result is collision, not comparison.

the result is a noisic poetry.

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intentithe resy.ult is tron acity is diffu noisic poeis different, anerent. the resd the experienomparistial factilt is collision, not con.

fuck-ups:

establish a procedure for interacting with a source text.

write a list of instructions.

subvert and sabotage each of the instructions.

the poem will not look like you at all -- but it might tell you things you didn't know you believed.

let's begin with Tzara's instructions, from 1920

TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.

Take some scissors.

Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem.

Cut out the article.

Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag.

Shake gently.

Next take out each cutting one after the other.

Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag.

The poem will resemble you.

And there you are - an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd.

TO MAKE A DAEDALUS POEM

Take a NEWSREEL.

Take some SCLERA.

Choose from this PAPER CUTTER an ARTICULATION of the LENINABAD you want to make your POETICISM.

Cut out the ARTICULATION.

Next carefully cut out each of the WORD HOARDS that make up this ARTICULATION and put them all in a BAGGAGE.

Shake gently.

Next take out each CUTTLEFISH one after the other.

Copy conscientiously in the ORDINAL in which they left the BAGGAGE.

The POETICISM will resemble you.

And there you are - an infinitely original AUTHORIZED VERSION of charming SENSITIVITY TRAINING, even though unappreciated by the vulgar HEREAFTER.

TO MAAIST POKE A DADEM

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Next carewill rese the other.mble youfully cut out each of the woef the bag.rds that makes up this artiake out cle and put them all in a baThe poem .g.

Shake gently.

poems of alchemical consciousness:

William Burroughs

from The Exterminator

in The Third Mind (1978)

Cut the Word Lines with scissors or switchblade as preferred . . . The Word Lines keep you in Time . . . Cut the in lines . . . Make out lines to Space. Take a page of your own writing if you write or a letter or a newspaper article or a page or less or more of any writer living and or dead

. . . Cut into sections. Down the middle. And across the sides . . . Rearrange the sections . . .
Write the result message . . . Who wrote the original words is still there in any rearrangement of
his or her or whatever words . . . Can recognize Rimbaud cut-up as Rimbaud . . . A Melville
cut-up as Melville . . . Shakespeare moves with Shakespeare words . . . So forth anybody can be
Rimbaud if he will cut up Rimbaud's words and learn Rimbaud language talk think Rimbaud . . .
And supply reasonably appropriate meat. All dead poets and writers can be reincarnate in
different hosts. Cut-up . . . Raise standard of writer production to a point of total and permanent
competition of all minds living and dead Out Space. Concurrent. . .

anti-poems:

Nicanor Parra

Test

What is an anti-poet
Someone who deals in coffins and urns?
A general who's not sure of himself?
A priest who believes in nothing?
A drifter who finds everything funny
Even old age and death?
A speaker you can't trust?
A dancer at the edge of a cliff?
A narcissist who loves everyone?
A joker who goes for the jugular
And is mean just for the hell of it?
A poet who sleeps in a chair?
A modern-day alchemist?
An armchair revolutionary?
A petit-bourgeois?
A fake?
a god?
a naive person?
A peasant from Santiago, Chile?
Underline the right answer.

What is antipoetry
A tempest in a teapot?
A spot of snow on a rock?
A tray piled high with human shit
As Father Salvatierra believes?
A mirror that doesn't lie?
A slap in the face

Of the president of the Writers' Society?
(God save his soul)
A warning to young poets?
A jet-propelled coffin?
A coffin in centrifugal orbit?
A coffin run on kerosene?
A funeral parlor without a corpse?
Put an X
Next to the right answer.

|||||

Young Poets

Write as you will
In whatever style you like
Too much blood has run under the bridge
To go on believing
That only one road is right.
In poetry everything is permitted.
With only this condition of course,
You have to improve the blank page.

Translated by David Unger

cannibal poems, poems do not have to be desperate to eat other poems. they don't even have to be hungry.

Jim Hciwtfel
(after Drareg Manley Snikpoh)

Boughs-Hsa

NOT fo all ym eyes ees, wandering no the dlrow,
Is gnihtyna a klim to eht mind os, so shgis deep
Yrteop to ti, as a tree esohw boughs kaerb in eht sky.
Yas it is shguobhsa: whether no a Rebmedced day dna furred
Tsaf or yeht in hsiymmalc lashtender sbmoc creep
Trapa wide dna new-eltsen at nevaeh most hgih.
They hcuot heaven, ruobat on ti; how rieht talons peews
The gniredluoms enormous retniw welkin! Yam
Mells eulb and etihwwons through meht, a egnirf and yarf
Of yreneerg: it si old s'htrae groping sdrawot the peets

Heaven mohw she sdlihc us yb.

October 2016

temporary autonomous poems: if we don't insist on the temporary part of this, we will never have the autonomous part. that's what makes it hard to do, and it's also what makes it practical.

Hakim Bey
from *Gone To Croatan* (1991)

The alchemical view of the New World associated it with *materia prima* or *hyle*, the "state of Nature," innocence and all-possibility ("Virgin-ia"), a chaos or inchoateness which the adept would transmute into "gold," that is, into spiritual perfection as well as material abundance. But this alchemical vision is also informed in part by an actual fascination with the inchoate, a sneaking sympathy for it, a feeling of yearning for its formless form which took the symbol of the "Indian" for its focus: "Man" in the state of nature, uncorrupted by "government." Caliban, the Wild Man, is lodged like a virus in the very machine of Occult Imperialism; the forest/animal/humans are invested from the very start with the magic power of the marginal, despised and outcaste. On the one hand Caliban is ugly, and Nature a "howling wilderness"--on the other, Caliban is noble and unchained, and Nature an Eden. This split in European consciousness predates the Romantic/Classical dichotomy; it's rooted in Renaissance High Magic. The discovery of America (Eldorado, the Fountain of Youth) crystallized it; and it precipitated in actual schemes for colonization.

We were taught in elementary school that the first settlements in Roanoke failed; the colonists disappeared, leaving behind them only the cryptic message "Gone To Croatan." Later reports of "grey-eyed Indians" were dismissed as legend. What really happened, the textbook implied, was that the Indians massacred the defenseless settlers. However, "Croatan" was not some Eldorado; it was the name of a neighboring tribe of friendly Indians. Apparently the settlement was simply moved back from the coast into the Great Dismal Swamp and absorbed into the tribe. And the grey-eyed Indians were real--they're still there, and they still call themselves Croatans.

So--the very first colony in the New World chose to renounce its contract with Prospero (Dee/Raleigh/Empire) and go over to the Wild Men with Caliban. They dropped out. They became "Indians," "went native," opted for chaos over the appalling miseries of serfing for the plutocrats and intellectuals of London.

incendiary poems: incendiary poems are designed to cause fires in the brains of readers. that's what the phrase "parrotfish set fires" refers to. also known as "burning down the house".

ad hoc poems:

take whatever your situation gives you.
do something with it.
do something else with it.
how do you think it sounds?
how do you you think it feels?
how do you like it now?
do something else with it.

asemia: Asemia is the term for the medical condition of being unable to understand or express any signs or symbols. As a form of visual poetry it does not refer to a medical condition. It is as much about the "ontological instability of the mark" (James Elkins) as it is (potentially) about the "ontological instability of the sign". Between the idea and the reality falls the sign. Between the potency and the existence falls the sign. Between the signifier and the signified falls the shadow.

John M. Bennett, from *THE BLANK GENERATION: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE* (2002)
Cut-up or disjunctive language is also found at the level of the word itself, with words broken up into their syllables, letters, or other parts, at times approaching or even achieving, a kind of "meaningless" or asemic writing. (The latter may also be practiced as a kind of glossolalic "spirit" hand-writing or calligraphy.) Jim Leftwich says, "when one considers letter strings and clusters as vocables, rather than as words, one is not in the realm of linguistics and semiotics, is only peripherally, contingently within the realm of language. It is likely that most readers will attempt to 'translate' a poem of vocables into a poem of words. It is likely that this will educe complex, convoluted, frustrated cerebration, a sort of hyper-misreading—disappointment as hermeneutics. Readings of this variety might produce very resonant writings, only barely and obliquely related to the read."(5)

De Villo Sloan

from *Trash Tropes: Trashemic Essays* by Jim Leftwich (Roanoke, Virginia, USA)

Posted by De Villo Sloan to his International union of Mail Artists page on October 17, 2015

<http://iuoma-network.ning.com/profiles/blogs/trash-tropes-trashemic-essays-by-jim-leftwich-roanoke-virginia>

To be fairly understood, Trashpo must be seen as a practice within the genre of visual poetry. Trashpo is definitely not another iteration of the post-bourgeois pastime of making "art" from "found" materials. The Trashpo Lexicon states, "Trashpo is the opposite of Minxus." While Trashpo's meaning is largely contextual (in this case an oppositional anti-art in comparison to the overwrought and decadent Minxus aesthetic), Trashpo does have a set of "rules" more in keeping with the practicality of game theory than the pretensions of an "artistic movement." In

fact, of course, neither Trashpo nor MinXus exist in any conventional sense. Trashpo is probably best understood as a manifestation of Post-Neoism.

Because Trashpo is a form of visual poetry, it has been impacted by the current asemic writing phenom. A corollary practice related to asemics has emerged in Trashpo: Trashemics. We can trace the term “trashemic” and a specific compositional approach to DharmaDaDa Neil Gordon (Connecticut, USA) circa 2012. Meanwhile, Jim Leftwich is generally regarded as the (originally unknowing and unintended) founder of Trashpo with a series of pieces he created in 2005. (The Schwitterspo minority faction disputes this narrative of origin in terms of some details but overall there is consensus.) Because Jim Leftwich is associated with asemic writing (a term he questions) in the larger vispo community, his views on trashemics are of great interest to Trashpoets.

The Trashemic Essays are innovative in the Trashpo realm because, for the first time that I am aware, they present a rhetoric of trash or, more precisely, an anti-rhetoric or trash talk using what I identify as the trash trope. Until now, Trashpo has seldom attempted to penetrate complex, linear texts or patterns of narrative and logic in order to create Trashpo. Trashpo has pursued what I call D-Khaos, which is anti-formal and non-rational. The result has been a kind of lyric intensity akin to a tiny vacuum for individual works. Poetry can be rhetorical, so a debate about whether these pieces are vispo or rhetoric would be pointless. I see the presence of the trash trope as the vital structural element here. In this case, the trash trope functions as a textual disruptor.

The emerging narrative of asemic writing is being disrupted and questioned in the essays. Notice that the foundation pieces for the Trashemic Essays are relatively linear, conventionally readable texts about asemic writing. Material text/image units used in the composition of Trashpo are interjected over and into the texts about asemic writing to create disruption, disjunction but new possibilities for meaning as well. In these pieces, the trash is actually merged with the material about asemic writing, suggesting physical action taken against the text. Far from conceptual, I see the essays as deeply materialist.

comment by De Villoslo: Trashpo is a fake perhaps even satirical movement the way Neoism was. In fact, current thought tends to identify Trashpo as a religion rather than anything to do with art. (2) DKult borrows a lot from the Church of the Subgenius. Purists will argue the Church of the Subgenius and Neoism are two distinct entities. That is a true, sort of. But in reality the two have an incredible amount of overlap. For instance, TENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE is/was a profound Neoist but also a Saint in the Church of the Subgenius. (3) Jim Leftwich, the subject of this humble blog, is associated with the Post-Neo Absurdist Collective (something like that) and is alleged to have invented Trashpo.

psychoactive poems: If psychoactive is defined as "affecting the mind", then everything in the known universe is psychoactive. Some things are more intensely and/or more expansively psychoactive than other things. Psychoactive poems can be designed to affect the mind in

specific ways. It is important to remember that poems should be used in processes of deprogramming, and not in procedures of programming, or reprogramming. John Cage said, "The purpose of music is to sober and quiet the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences". Some psychoactive poems share similar goals. Others are more Dionysian, in which case the purpose of the psychoactive poem might be to activate the mind, thus making it susceptible to the sparagmos.

sigilic poems: an example from Austin Osman Spare: For the construction of Sigils the ordinary alphabet is used. The desire for super-human strength could be formulated as follows: "I desire the strength of my tigers." In order to Sigilise this desire, put down on a piece of paper all the letters of which the sentence is composed, omitting all repetitions. The resulting sequence of letters, IDESRTHNGOFMY, is then combined and incorporated into your Sigil. (This sequence of letters is called a glyph.)

alembic poems:

write a fourteen-line poem in alembic pentameter.
it will have five cups, or caps, per line.
distill the beak of the first quatrain.
condense the obsolete of the second quatrain.
the products consist of the third quatrain.
the final couplet should be a long-necked flask.

divination poems: begin with stichomancy (divination by randomly selecting lines or passages from books). proceed using recombination, permutation, and associational improvisation. with stichomancy begin. stichomancy begin with. stichomancy with begin. William Burroughs posited and deposited cut-ups as divination poems: cut into the present and the future leaks out. it is too late in the game to argue with him.

autophagic poems: permutation poems are self-eating. recombinative poems eat themselves. many pages of my Six Months Aint No Sentence series were written by permitting a single poem to eat and excrete itself repeatedly over the course of many iterations.

jim leftwich

from Six Months Aint No Sentence, Book 136

10.09.2015

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chaos poems:

James Gleick, "Nature forms patterns. Some are orderly in space but disorderly in time, others orderly in time but disorderly in space."

John Cage: Critics frequently cry 'Dada' after attending one of my concerts or hearing one of my lectures. Others bemoan my interest in w:Zen. One of the liveliest lectures I ever heard was given by Nancy Wilson Ross at the Cornish School in Seattle. It was called Zen Buddhism and Dada. It is possible to make a connection between the two, but neither Dada nor Zen is a fixed tangible. They change; and in quite different ways in different places and times, they invigorate action. What was Dada in the 1920's is now, with the exception of the work of Marcel Duchamp, just art. What I do, I do not wish blamed on Zen, though without my engagement with Zen I doubt whether I would have done what I have done. I often point out that Dada nowadays has in it a space, an emptiness, that it formerly lacked. What nowadays, America mid-twentieth century, is Zen? (1961)

random poems: I entered the single word "poem" into a google search and the following poem was the first item in the first search result:

I looked and saw a sea
 roofed over with rainbows,
In the midst of each
 two lovers met and departed;
Then the sky was full of faces
 with gold glories behind them.

|||||
sea roofed each
two full with
glass
|||||

Georges Bataille, *Formless* (1929)

A dictionary begins when it no longer gives the meaning of words, but their tasks. Thus formless is not only an adjective having a given meaning, but a term that serves to bring things down in the world, generally requiring that each thing have its form. What it designates has no rights in any sense and gets itself squashed everywhere, like a spider or an earthworm. In fact, for academic men to be happy, the universe would have to take shape. All of philosophy has no other goal: it is a matter of giving a frock coat to what is, a mathematical frock coat. On the other hand, affirming that the universe resembles nothing and is only formless amounts to saying that the universe is something like a spider or spit.

3.

The Flarf e-mail listserv, launched by half-a-dozen poets in March of 2001, was a kind of joke, or anyway a space where people who liked to tell jokes -- inside jokes, about the poetry world, mostly -- could hang out and dish. Observe kitty eating a slice of pizza. "Eat some free pizza, Kitty!" YUM (pizza man impatient at the door). Awful poems sought and found: From spam to Google, flarf redefines random. So far, at least sixteen books of Flarf have been published -- a flurry of them just in the past several years. Page Not Found. The jangly, cut-up textures, speediness, and bizarre trajectories of the Flarf poem, while fetching, are not the source of Flarf's originality. Folks, it's just a species of collage. What is flarf? Well, as a movement that defines itself, in the dadaist tradition, as "something it's not," I'd be smart to approach this obliquely. Some detractors find flarf patronizing and covertly elitist, while others dismiss its methods as a threadbare update of Tzara's Dadaist hatful of headlines. In contrast, what Steve Roggenbuck and other boykittens are doing with flarf and otherwise is warm, unconstrained, more human, and miles away from what I thought poetry was, in the best way possible. Despite the array of bizarre, seemingly random images, there's not a lot of hidden meaning here; everything is pretty much right at the surface.

poetic ecologies and arcologies:

Ecology (from Greek: οἶκος, "house", or "environment"; -λογία, "study of")

Poetry is a very large house. Many poets, dead and alive, live in it. We visit some rooms and stay for years, others only for a few days, a few hours, a few minutes. We think we know everybody, but really we hardly know anyone at all.

Paolo Soleri: If we take care of our environment because such care is imposed by edict, the result might be order in appearance, death in substance. If we take care of only that portion of our environment which we own, the environment will be like a sea of litter and dread dotted with small island utopias whose segregated order is the true origin of chaos. This is a pretty close description of the urban-suburban situation today. If we take care of the environment because we have a sense of reverence toward it, then the reverential fire will make the environment glow with the embers of the spirit.

writing against itself: I thought for many years that I had gotten the phrase "writing against itself" from E. M. Cioran. I stumbled across a few of Cioran's books in the Greensboro Public Library in 1979 and devoured them. But I have never owned them. Now I realize that I have taken his phrase, thinking against oneself, and translated it -- mistranslated it -- for my own purposes.

E. M. Cioran, from Thinking Against Oneself, in The Temptation To Exist
(translated by Richard Howard, 1970)

"Masters in the art of thinking against oneself, Nietzsche, Baudelaire and Dostoevsky have taught us to side with our dangers, to broaden the sphere of our disease, to acquire existence by division from our being."

"Every work turns against its author; the poem will crush the poet, the system the philosopher, the event the man of action. Destruction awaits anyone who, answering to his vocation and fulfilling it, exerts himself within history; only the man who sacrifices every gift and talent escapes: released from his humanity, he may lodge himself in being."

destabilized languages: the letter as the primary unit of composition, the "ontological instability of the letter" -- inserting extra spaces within words, omitting spaces between words -- moving from textual poem to visual poem, or textimagepoem -- multiple reading routes, unstable baselines, polydirectional lineation, overprinting, letteral fragmentation, "distressed letters" ...

Ron Silliman's advice: not the senses, Rimbaud, derange the sentences (and related: "I want to start a riot in the prison-house of language")

noise poems:

Liz Was - "The modern poetic ear must be trained to hear noise as music. The noisic sensibility, which opens itself to all & any combination of sounds, is but one prerequisite for the evolution of modern poetics."

string writing:

take a ball of string.
cut off a section roughly fifteen inches long.
clear a section of your desk.
drop the string from a height of two feet onto the clear spot.
this is a good opportunity to listen to Captain Beefheart.
photograph the string.
now, using the index finger on your right hand as a spoon, stir the string into a significantly different pattern.

photograph it.

the photographic images will resemble quasi-calligraphic drawing, or anti-calligraphy.

listen to Captain Beefheart sing "I've got too much time to be without love".

repeat performance.

provisional poems: the temporary autonomous poem meets the ad hoc poem. or, perhaps one remembers a poem from thirty years ago and finds it retains a surprising resonance.

Living the Good Life

Frank Stanford

There is only one locale for the heart
And that's somewhere between the dick and the brain.
I don't believe love is for chickenshits.
It's low, dark, and cold-blooded, like a cottonmouth.
Children are often involved. They stink
When they sprout in the garden of light,
And they stink mulching their way back down.
Cold-hearted women, work, madness, and death
Are the things separating the nuts from the shells.
Everything else is strictly a pile of shit-
Except for childhood, which we moon over
Because it smells to high heaven. So, go it
Alone. Solitude is a constellation:
People can't connect light anymore,
The only code they can break is darkness.
You can get a file in the heart
But you can't jimmy love -a woman once said
It'd take a shotgun to open my heart.
All the time I was on my knees in the bathroom
Crying like a fool. No one knows
How to love anybody's trouble, nothing will
Deaden the chiggers of pain sucking
Blood in your sleep -oh beautiful tree frogs,
Sonic in the nasty oil of evening, I love you,
Sounds by yourselves a star's life away.
But it doesn't mean a goddamn thing.
Death isn't cold, dark, and quiet.
It is a love letter written on an X-ray.
Better still, it's a manta ray
Squealing in your wife's drawers.
Is this where your will is kept?
What sleek doing is she dreaming of tonight?

How much money do you have in the bank?
Are your early years filed away
In another bureau under another name?
Ask me no questions, I'll still tell you lies,
My father would sing like a bull frog.
I thought my father was a flat-out wonder,
A faraway and constant stranger in my midst.
He wasn't even my father, the cuckold.
So do Lord help the bucket mouth son
Doing a job on doom and eating banana flips.
I for one leave the transcendence of language
To the auctioneers on the widows' steps,
And to the truck drivers with ears
Looking for the smoke on the road.
As for the snow that drifts ever
So silently into the eyes of children,
It is all full of shit from the north
And radiation from the west.

textimagepoems:

some textimagepoems start with text and move towards image.
some textimagepoems start with image and move towards text.
some textimagepoems start as textimagepoems and move towards text.
some textimagepoems start as textimagepoems and move towards image.
some textimagepoems start as textimagepoems and move out in many directions at once.
some textimagepoems are scores for sound poetry performances.
some text/image work is made by poets or by writers with a literary background.
some text/image work is made by artists with an art school background.
a textimagepoem is a type of visual poem.
not all text/image work is visual poetry.
some text/image work is visual art.
where the boundaries are blurred, we should celebrate the blurring of boundaries.
where the boundaries are not blurred, we should not claim that they are.

imbricate poems: all poems are to some extent imbricate poems. they overlap other poems.
they are like roof tiles, arrayed in imbricate patterns. i remember working on a roof one hot
summer afternoon in Lynchburg when i was a teenager. a steeply slanted roof, maybe 60
degrees. we tied ourselves to the chimney with a rope, and slid down the roof to the broken
tiles. my roof leaks now when it rains. i am not going to fix it. lots of things are imbricate.
memories dreams and reflections are imbricate. i read the book with that title as a freshman in
college, and helped teach it as a sophomore. it makes me think of Wallace Stevens, who i also
read as a freshman: thirteen ways of looking at a roof tile.

When the blackbird flew out of sight,
It marked the edge
Of one of many circles.

everted poems: the gists and piths, the mists and paths, the grist and plinths, the gristle and plankton of the poem. if you turn a poem inside-out you get another poem. Start in the middle and read in all directions. write all of your readings. permutation is a way of thinking. It has rules, but they are malleable, permeable.

corrugated poems: the materiality of the text, the wrinkled surface.

John Wieners
The Murder Of Cheap Waitresses

From Ellen Needham, indicted for their slaying
to Alan Myronwitz' interdict we got to clean up poor classes
"Kill them off", as his unproduced revue, "Shoot the President"
barely two decades late, with Uncle Eddie's "Oh, Oh" was he
Earl Warren
then? we got nothing to say this morning, after returning
from New York.

When the Maid of Misd Orleans vacationd off The Y in
Room 517, with Charlie
at the wheel, both ways
under
orange lights, does an initial replace a proper name, does a Judge resurrect codes, can Anna
'h live, Elizabeth Short, will Cyril join John give orders, or take
them.

The death of hard-working women allowing some a cup of
coffee surprises us, that their slayings
pass unnotc
ied, yes the fields of Brewster, Willimantic embankments,
now Buddy,
no more Treason in the
telephoneless rooms, on the Eighth Street billboard display.

--from Behind The State Capitol: or Cincinnati Pike (1975), described by Wieners, on the title page, as "a collection of poetry written by John Wieners in the The United States. Cinema decoupages; verses, abbreviated prose insights."

historical poems:

Percy Bysshe Shelley, from *The Masque of Anarchy* (written in 1819, published in 1832)

Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words, that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free.

The old laws of England—they
Whose reverend heads with age are grey,
Children of a wiser day;
And whose solemn voice must be
Thine own echo—Liberty!

Rise, like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you:
Ye are many—they are few!

Ed Sanders, from *Poem From Jail* (1961, published by City Lights in 1963)

To live as "beatific
Spirits welded
together,"
To live with
a fierce pacifism,
To love in haste,
as a beetle
entering bark

Ed Sanders, from *1968: A History In Verse*
(Black Sparrow 2000)
(page 90)

One morning I visited Janis Joplin
who excitedly showed me a packet of seeds
Richard Brautigan had given her
with a poem glued to the side

I told her that the great Charles Olson was in town
and would she like to meet him?

I thought maybe Olson could write some songs for her
and, well, both were single
maybe there could be some eros
between bard and blues

Sandy Darlington.

from "Please Plant This Page"

San Francisco Express Times, 21 March 1968, Vol. 1, No. 9:5

Richard Brautigan is bringing out a book called Please Plant This Book. He's having seed packets printed up with a poem on one side and directions for planting the contents on the other. There will be eight packets, with eight poems and eight different kinds of seeds, four flowers and four vegetables. The packets will be inside a folder. Read the poems and then plant the seeds.

Recently he spent an afternoon in a seed store in Daly City selecting seeds. They had to be easy to plant and growable anywhere in Northern California. That ruled out the Firecracker Zinnia. Richard had a poem all ready for it, but the seed man said it wouldn't grow in San Francisco. So he substituted Calendula.

Graham Mackintosh is printing up the folder-poems-book. Richard and his friends are going to package the seeds by hand and then give the book away for free, starting on March 20th at the First Day of Spring Celebration in Golden Gate Park. He only bought a few pounds of seeds, sixteen to be exact, but they're small and the total number of them comes to over five million. You must have a lot of ground to cover said the seed man.

derivative poems: all texts are made of other texts, all poems are made of other texts, all poems are made of other poems.

Gérard de Nerval

Le Réveil en voiture (1853)

Voici ce que je vis : Les arbres sur ma route
Fuyaient mêlés, ainsi qu'une armée en déroute,
Et sous moi, comme ému par les vents soulevés,
Le sol roulait des flots de glèbe et de pavés !

Des clochers conduisaient parmi les plaines vertes
Leurs hameaux aux maisons de plâtre, recouvertes
En tuiles, qui trottaient ainsi que des troupeaux
De moutons blancs, marqués en rouge sur le dos !

Et les monts enivrés chancelaient, - la rivière
Comme un serpent boa, sur la vallée entière
Étendu, s'élançait pour les entortiller...
— J'étais en poste, moi, venant de m'éveiller !

Gerard de Nerval
Here is what I saw (Variation 1) (2016)
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Here is what I saw: arbitrary voice-cues
Surmount the trees in Fukushima melee
Fleeing mixed, and a deflated army,
Eats soup with the common emu, under me,

As movies by the winds braised, a
Soul-roulette, the ground roiling waves
And clods beneath the pavement!

Owls lied among green clocks condiment
Their hamsters blaster house, cowered
Tiles, which were rotting the locks
Dream croutons, marked in red on the beach!

And rippling Mountains swallow - the River
- Like Ouroboros! - in the valley! -
Salon of the Cat Tortilla...
- I was stationed, far from waking me!

ahistorical poems: poems -- as rare as hen's teeth (the phrase is thought to be an Americanism dating to the early 1600s, but it's first occurrence in print is not until 1862)-- that were not made at a specific time and place

capillary poems: by analogy to "capillary power" -- some poems seem to be everywhere, all the time (like Blake's *The Tyger* and Ginsberg's *Howl*) -- poems circulate, permeate, percolate -- "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" -- Shelley -- the following poems were presences among some of the poets i knew in the 1970s and 80s

For the Anniversary of My Death (1963)
W. S. Merwin

Every year without knowing it I have passed the day
When the last fires will wave to me
And the silence will set out
Tireless traveler
Like the beam of a lightless star

Then I will no longer
Find myself in life as in a strange garment
Surprised at the earth
And the love of one woman
And the shamelessness of men
As today writing after three days of rain
Hearing the wren sing and the falling cease
And bowing not knowing to what

Rescue the Dead (1968)
David Ignatow

Finally, to forgo love is to kiss a leaf,
is to let rain fall nakedly upon your head,
is to respect fire,
is to study man's eyes and his gestures
as he talks,
is to set bread upon the table
and a knife discreetly by,
is to pass through crowds
like a crowd of oneself.
Not to love is to live.

To love is to be led away
into a forest where the secret grave
is dug, singing, praising darkness
under the trees.

To live is to sign your name,
is to ignore the dead,
is to carry a wallet
and shake hands.

To love is to be a fish.

My boat wallows in the sea.
You who are free,
rescue the dead.

John Berryman
Dream Song 14 (1964)

Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so.
After all, the sky flashes, the great sea yearns,
we ourselves flash and yearn,
and moreover my mother told me as a boy
(repeatedly) "Ever to confess you're bored
means you have no

Inner Resources." I conclude now I have no
inner resources, because I am heavy bored.
Peoples bore me,
literature bores me, especially great literature,
Henry bores me, with his plights & gripes
as bad as Achilles,

who loves people and valiant art, which bores me.
And the tranquil hills, & gin, look like a drag
and somehow a dog
has taken itself & its tail considerably away
into the mountains or sea or sky, leaving
behind: me, wag.

Charles Simic
Eyes Fastened With Pins (1977)

How much death works,
No one knows what a long
Day he puts in. The little
Wife always alone
Ironing death's laundry.
The beautiful daughters
Setting death's supper table.
The neighbors playing
Pinochle in the backyard
Or just sitting on the steps

Drinking beer. Death,
Meanwhile, in a strange
Part of town looking for
Someone with a bad cough,
But the address somehow wrong,
Even death can't figure it out
Among all the locked doors...
And the rain beginning to fall.
Long windy night ahead.
Death with not even a newspaper
To cover his head, not even
A dime to call the one pining away,
Undressing slowly, sleepily,
And stretching naked
On death's side of the bed.

founds:

From Erika Pfander's Introductory Note to *Neverends* by Bern Porter (Runaway Spoon Press, 1988): "Bern Porter, whose bookvideo, 'Why My Left Leg Is Hot,' created a revolutionary breakthrough in publishing equal to Gutenberg's movable type, continues his exploration of found materials based on Picasso's declaration, 'I show what I have found, not what I am looking for,' by presenting in the ensuing pages a series of 'prepared' finds."

On page 62 of *Sounds That Arouse me* (Tilbury House, 1993), Bern Porter begins his short lyrical essay entitled "Sources of Creation," with the following: "Michael Angelo, artist supreme, instructed his students: 'If you would create, relax before moldy, wet walls and feel form shaping out of the chaotic patterns'."

Bern Porter, from *I'VE LEFT*
quoted in *where to go, what to do, when you are Bern Porter*
by James Schevill (Tilbury House, 1992) (page 167)

"I trebled the size of cigar wrappers for no other reason than to issue larger printing areas for contemporary poetry. For the same reason I enlarged theater tickets, laundry lists, matchbook covers, gum wrappers, toilet and facial tissues. No wasted spaces, I averred, no areas devoid of magic words was the motto."

collages: Collage is encountered in the fingerprint absence to dissolve signification. Flying the dismantled spiral, the source text proposes a roadsign, the self unraveling, insisting on impossible exile. Collage violates the denial of desire not intended as theft or warfare. It redirects the reader and reinvents the reverse, reactions of the possible to refuse. To be its site,

into its revisioning, collage flattens the body playfully, a refuge for aliens traversing anarchist intent. To quote Hannah Hoch: "I wish to blur the firm boundaries which we self-certain people tend to delineate around all we can achieve."

ephemeral poems: Ed Sanders wrote his poems from jail on scraps of paper, whatever he could find. Emily Dickinson wrote poems on envelopes. I wrote a series of poems in response to John M. Bennett's "The Shirt, The Sheet" on delivery tickets from my job as a driver at The College Inn in Charlottesville. All of these writings have been published. The poem does not want to be ephemeral.

asemic lint poems: One day shortly after we moved to Roanoke, while we were still living on Lofton Road (so probably 2006) , Sue brought me a strip of lint from the dryer, saying "this looks like something you would make." It had was mostly grey, with some areas darker than others, and small snips of colored thread were scattered across its surface. It looked like asemic writing, or visual writing, or something that might be included in my "pansemia and zaum" flickr album. I have rescued many similar lint poems since then, and Cathy and John Bennett seem to have also discovered these little beauties. Like it or not, the lint poem is a thing. I believe the term is already being used by archivists and historiographers of the recent poetic past.

assemblage poems: To make an assemblage poem is to join with the tradition of ecstasy, the shaman flying on his borrowed fractal drum. The assemblage poem is displacement of body; it is sex. The assemblage poet annihilates self in order to liberate ego. Assemblage poems dismantle the myth of verticality, deflate hierarchy, flatten the upward spiral, propose sacred play along the horizontal axis of the holy soil. Source text is the garden of experience, where innocence is playfully sought through sexual disintegration. The assemblage poem expects nothing; therefore it has no identity. The assemblage poem is a roadsign that points in the wrong direction, towards the absence of a path, the unraveling threads of present texture, where it presents itself as something else, as everything that it is not. The assemblage poem is other presented as self, difference proposed as identity. The assemblage poem promotes its existence by insisting on its nothingness.

emprientes: Jean Dubuffet, from *Emprientes* (1957), in *Theories of Modern Art: A Source Book by Artists and Critics*, edited by Herschel B. Chipp (1968) -- "I declare that every phase of the natural world (and the intellectual world is of course included), every part of every fact — mountains or faces, movements of water or forms of beings — are links in the same chain, and all proceed from the same key, and for this reason I declare that the forms of screaming birds which appear on my ink-spotted page have the same source as real birds, just as the gestures I reveal in those same spotted pages, the glance which shines from one place, the laughing face which appears in another, are the result of mechanisms which produce these same gestures, glances, laughs, elsewhere, and are almost real gestures, real glances, are in any case their cousins, or, if homologues are preferred — abortions, unsuccessful aspirations."

visual poems:

from CORE: A Symposium on Contemporary Visual Poetry, published by
GENERATORSCORE, edited by John Byrum and Crag Hill (1993)

Jake Berry: The literary and the visual are the same thing applied two different ways due to the neurosis of categorization. They constitute elements of consensus reality & are co-conspirators in its control. Should we remove the categories each naturally participates freely in the experience of the other. (p.25)

Geof Huth: I have worked, and continue to work, as a visual poet from the point of view of a writer. I write towards the visual, discovering it in the writing process. (p. 75)

Carol Stetser: The role of today's visual poet is to carry on in the tradition of the Indian vedic poets, the zen buddhists, poets Chuang Tzu and William Blake, and the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, who each attempted to explode our familiar language patterns so we can see clearly and directly. (p.140)

from Writing To Be Seen, edited by Bob Grumman and Crag Hill (2001)

Carol Stetser: Visual poetry is a collage. It is a synthesis of the visual and poetic. Collage is the medium that most accurately represents our life at the end of the twentieth century.

Bill Keith: (responding to the question, "do you use machines in the preparation of your work?")
I use whatever is at hand to realize my work; typewriters, computers, copiers. Not what I use is important, how and why & with what effect do I use the machine is the primary concern.
Whatever helps me to realize my vision, like Hans Arp dropping scraps of paper on the floor,
Basho snatching a handful of grass and dipping it in ink to make a brushstroke -- whatever machine or hand that enables me to realize my composition.

Guy Beining:

5. the alphabet prays for a solution, netted to scalp of image.

7. silhouette of letter ponders expansion.

9. heavens hood in asterisks, in mouth of basilisk; blooming by tamarisk, & edging in on hard disk.

Marilyn Rosenberg: Fragmented or whole, found bits of language from newspapers or magazines taken out of context and placed in a visual poem not only have meaning in the new context but retain a lot of the meanings related to their original sources. Added are the dictionary meanings of the words and their meanings in the new context. When the new meanings are added to those of the old words or numbers, a new whole -- or the unexpected -- emerges. Therefore, although the words have original meaning (connotation and denotation), now they have been altered, and new meanings emerge. All the old and new meanings are now part of this collage element, part of something new.

Jessica Smith

from Women of Visual Poetry: an introduction

in EVENING WILL COME: A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF POETICS (ISSUE 33, SEPTEMBER 2013)

Poetry is so often compared to music that the visual element of the word on the page is transparent in many poems. To be a “visual poem” is to remind the reader that the way the words are arranged on the page (and their legibility, color, etc.) is a medial part of the message in every poem and cannot be separated from aural and meaning. As in music, the poem on the page can operate as a score in myriad ways and need not indicate a traditional lyric performance. By highlighting and problematizing (making decorative, illegible or difficult) the optic elements of poetry, visual poetry reminds us that the eye and ear are inseparable when we parse written language.

Nico Vassilakis

from My Vispo (from Alphabet Noir):

I think of vispo as preparation for a future language event.

You can read anything as language is everything.

Someone asked if I could read a shag rug, so I got down and began articulating the width, length, direction, color, etc of each tuft/thread in sound units.

The thing you do not want to do is explain everything.

I think vispo is a kinetic mirror.

I am very interested in drawn letters. I am not though so interested in written letters.

My first letter O, for instance, was drawn by me as a surrealistic potato.

Soon after that the letter O became uniform, compliant and precise, forced to fit obediently between the perforated lines.

lineated texts: In traditional verse a line is a predetermined form in itself. For example, a line might be defined as ten syllables, consisting of five iambs. There will be some flexibility within these constraints, but the flexibility doesn't change the definition.

Lineation assists in the organization of recognizable rhythmic patterns. Once this function of the line is established, it can be used as a set of expectations to be either worked-with or worked-against.

Line-breaks allow for words at the beginning and end of lines to oscillate between parts of speech, thus accentuating the polysemous instability of poetic language.

Lineation need not be based on rhythmic or semantic considerations.

The length of a line might be determined by counting words, or letters, or em spaces, or it might be determined by its relation visually to other lines, as with shaped poems.

In visual poetry the line often has an unstable baseline, with letters within words resting either above or below what would normally be their base.

Also, in much visual poetry a polydirectional lineation foregrounds the necessity for a reader to take multiple reading routes through the texts and/or images.

serial textures: consider this definition of texture: the characteristic structure of the interwoven or intertwined threads, strands, or the like, that make up a textile fabric. you will be forgiven if you also consider this: the characteristic structure of the interwoven or intertwined threads, strands, or the like, that make up a text.

mutagenic poems: A mutagen in the environment of the poem is an agent, such as a syllable, a letter, or a line, that can induce or increase the frequency of mutation in a reader.

from The Allen Ginsberg Project
from Apollinaire (Allen's 1975 NAROPA class)

[Allen proceeds to read Apollinaire's "Zone" in its entirety] - "À la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien.." - "In the end you're sick of the old world..." or "You are tired at last of this old world.." - "Soleil cou coupé" - "The sun's a severed neck" or "a sun's neck cut" - Now what does that sound like? Is that familiar? That tone? It's a run-on of thought and a juxtaposition of thought with some likeness to the traditional Surrealist methods and (William) Burroughs' cut-ups. Some of Burroughs' tone comes from Eliot which comes from this. It's the first time that anybody wrote whatever was going on in his head, in a sense, in so precise a way that the transitions are sudden. Like Burroughs says, "I'm not American Express", in terms of, "Here you are in Marseilles amid the watermelons/ Here you are in Coblenz at the Hotel of the Giant/ Here you are in Rome sitting under a Japanese medlar tree/ Here you are in Amsterdam with a girl you find pretty and who is ugly."

What does it mean, jumping from place to place? At first when this was written, people couldn't understand. It wasn't telling a sequential story. It was Cubist almost [Apollinaire coined the term "Cubism"] or one city superimposed on another, one line superimposed on another, a simultaneity, in which all the cities were seen almost in one glimpse with only a little space on the page to jump the gap in space. Almost like a series of false starts or a series of.. maybe you thought he was going to write more but he realized that one line was a complete haiku, But he's "not American Express", so he doesn't have to get you from one transition to another. He doesn't have to get you from one city to another, or one mental thought to another, He's already perceived that the mind jumps around.

Rimbaud was still doing it within a traditional syntax, as if it made syntactical sense, or as if it made rational sense. That's what the prettiness and irony of Rimbaud is. "A hare playing through a spiderweb on a bluebell." ["A hare stopped in the clover and swaying flowerbells and said a prayer to the rainbow, through the spider's web" - "Un lièvre s'arrêta dans les sainfoins et les clochettes mouvantes et dit sa prière à l'arc-en-ciel à travers la toile de l'araignée" (from "Après le Déluge" in "Illuminations")] - "When I awoke it was noon" ("Au réveil il était midi"). Rimbaud discovered a little bit - like in that prose-poem, having spent the morning drunk, "Matinée d'ivresse", I guess - and then he ended, "When I awoke it was noon" ("Au réveil il était midi") (this, from "Aube" (Dawn) in "Illuminations"). Very abruptly. So there's a little element in

Rimbaud that Apollinaire picks up on and carries through, a sudden transition of mind, almost like hashish transitions, hashish thoughts, suddenly shifting.

The other element here in the French is that there is no punctuation at all. So it's just the thoughts because they are not syntactically sequential in terms of rational French or English purity of grammatical and punctuational notation. They are just scattered thoughts, in a sense, so there is no need for punctuation, because it represents the process of the mind moving around.

erotic poems: the poem wants to have sex with you, no matter who you are. it also wants to have sex with your chair, your cat, your bookshelf, your mailbox and your sidewalk. eros is ubiquitous in the environment of the poem.

Eric Weinberger
in Fuck You / A Magazine of The Arts
Number 4, August 1962

For me/ even for me
Who cant say a word to them;
There is, wherever I stand
a woman, in front of me
even a violet, or a bunch of ants is,
for me. (I conspire with them)

and I touch her, my
hand a bamboo rake.

ascetic poems: In Bunuel's 1965 film Simon of the Desert, a woman who is the devil disguises herself as Jesus and visits the title character in the desert. This image is the icon of the ascetic poem.

Fernando Pessoa, from The Book of Disquiet (written in 1916. published in 1982)

A cat wallows in the sun and goes to sleep. Man wallows in life, with all of its complexities, and goes to sleep. [...] I mean the mystics and ascetics -- the recluses of all Tibets, the Simeon Stylites of all columns. These men, albeit by absurd means, do indeed try to escape the animal law. These men, although they act madly, do indeed reject the law of life by which others wallow in the sun and wait for death without thinking about it. [...] Dogs and men, cats and heroes, fleas and geniuses -- we all play at existing without thinking about it (the most advanced of us thinking only about thinking) under the vast stillness of the stars. The others -- the mystics of pain and sacrifice -- at least feel, in their body and their daily lives, the magic presence of mystery. They have escaped, for they reject the visible sun; they know plenitude, for they've emptied themselves of the world's nothingness. [...] I will always be, in verse or prose, an office

employee. I will always be, with or without mysticism, local and submissive, a servant of my feelings and of the moments when they occur.

fractal poems: Cole Swensen uses fractal geometry to analyze visual poems, emphasizing multidirectional fractal motion that "infinitely complicates itself along a pattern of self-similarity." Joan Retallack invokes fractals as models of "pattern-bounded unpredictability" that provide new ways of thinking about poetry's relation to extratextual reality, "redefining relationships between order and disorder, pattern and unpredictability, the finite and the infinite." (see The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, Fourth Edition, page 505)

archaic poems:

Terence McKenna, from "Alien Love", in The Archaic Revival (1991)

"I'm very bullish on psilocybin. I think that the word "drug" is inappropriate and that the model of hallucinogenic drugs that we have inherited from our experience with LSD is completely inadequate -- that the fact that LSD is our model hallucinogen for doctors and researchers is only a historical accident. The fact is that it was discovered first, or characterized first, in the laboratory and then millions of people took it. Millions and millions of people were touched by LSD. I don't think that mass drug-taking is a good idea. But I think that we must have a deputized minority -- a shamanic professional class, if you will -- whose job is to bring ideas out of the deep, black water and show them off to the rest of us . They would perform for our culture some of the cultural functions that shamans performed in preliterate cultures .

I think that a true symbiosis is happening between humans and hallucinogenic plants. LSD was a thing of the laboratory . Psilocybin is a creature of the forests and fields . When man propagates it, when we spread it, when it intoxicates us, there is a reciprocal relationship and transfer of energy and information. This is a true symbiosis. Both parties are gaining; nobody is giving up anything . We have domesticated many plants and animals; that's not big news. But this is not a bean or an apple; it isn't even a cat or a dog; it may be smarter than we are. So the implications of this relationship have to be couched in at least human terms and that's why the erotic metaphor is not inappropriate."

aleatory poems: The word "aleatory" was first used by Werner Meyer-Eppler in the context of electro-acoustics and information theory for describing a course of sound events that is determined in its framework and flexible in detail.

The patterns in our lives are few and fixed. The details that combine to form the patterns are infinite and incessantly changing.

You will find reasons for making aleatory works if you look for them.

Charles Bernstein (in Jackson Mac Low: Poetry As Art, 2004): "Much of Mac Low's most compelling work in his later period echo qualities of his aleatoric poems, while being freely composed. This is something that is also true of the work of a number of the poets associated with L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E,..."

[...]

Despite the great variety of Mac Low's output and the significance of his political commitments, he is most frequently associated with a compositional practice he began in the 1950s: the use of predetermined structures - procedures or algorithms - for generating poems. This was the kind of work that he published in his best-known early publication, the 1963 Fluxus collection, *An Anthology*, on which he worked with La Monte Young, and also in his two groundbreaking collections of works from 1960, *Stanzas for Iris Lezak* (Barton, VT: Something Else Press, 1972) and *Asymmetries 1-260* (NY: Printed Editions, 1980). In later years, Mac Low preferred to call such works "quasi-intentional," rejecting the designation "chance-generated." If Mac Low realized an alternative to the personally expressive poem, it was not through a rejection of intentionality but a through a realization of the hyperspace of aesthetic motivation. Mac Low's work reflects intention writ large, along with a ferocious commitment to precision and documentation. Intention in Mac Low is not found in any one poem or structure but rather in the interconnection among works, or perhaps in the "burning space between the words," as Edmond Jabes once put it.

recombinative poems: recombinative at what level?

at the level of the letter we have the anagram.

at the level of the word we have permutations.

at the level of the phrase we have anaphora.

at the level of the sentence we have Fibonacci sequences.

Christopher Smart, from *Jubilate Agno*
FRAGMENT B, 2

LET PETER rejoice with the MOON FISH who keeps up the life in the waters by night.

Let Andrew rejoice with the Whale, who is array'd in beauteous blue and is a combination of bulk and activity.

Let James rejoice with the Skuttle-Fish, who foils his foe by the effusion of his ink.

Let John rejoice with Nautilus who spreads his sail and plies his oar, and the Lord is his pilot.

Let Philip rejoice with Boca, which is a fish that can speak.

Let Bartholomew rejoice with the Eel, who is pure in proportion to where he is found and how he is used.

Let Thomas rejoice with the Sword-Fish, whose aim is perpetual and strength insuperable.

Let Matthew rejoice with Uranoscopus, whose eyes are lifted up to God.

Let James the less, rejoice with the Haddock, who brought the piece of money for the Lord and Peter.

Let Jude bless with the Bream, who is of melancholy from his depth and serenity.

Let Simon rejoice with the Sprat, who is pure and innumerable.

Let Matthias rejoice with the Flying-Fish, who has a part with the birds, and is sublimity in his conceit.

appropriated poems:

John M. Bennett, from *THE BLANK GENERATION: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE* (2002):
The use of appropriated texts takes many forms. Transduction of found or others' texts is one of them. "Hacks", as practiced especially brilliantly by Al Ackerman, is another. This involves various arbitrary ways of combining texts or distorting a text so that something completely unexpected results. There are also writers, such as Scott MacLeod, who practice "plagiarism" or the use of "source texts", usually by recombining, rearranging, or recontextualizing others' texts to create something new. Obviously, this very concept flies in the face of the established institutional values of complete and total "originality" in all things. But I think that any open-minded examination of these "plagiarized" texts would reveal the truly original and unique nature of what has been produced. In contrast, much of what is written in the "originality"-obsessed established media sounds the same, and is not truly original at all.

Scott MacLeod
from *Anne Frank In Jerusalem*
Ex Nihilo Press 1999

Various attempts were made: thunderous songs at midnight, thinned out with blood and triumph. In a stumbling working-class voice, with little conviction and were soon silent. Broken chairs, dust, books and more. With scenes and tantrums and various objects in wild disorder. Passion for this hour only, before fading to silence. The end of novelty. With phrases, not the body. Sedentary occupation, always unwise. Sleep even worse. Night, and the whore of pleasure turned to give teeth to the outsides of words under the bitterest torture. Carried away irresistibly into woods and fields and steep railway cuttings, the edge of the world into nothingness, entered the black shell, bound as bodies to the horses of the phantom riders, through the vastly menacing silent night only seemingly attached to the earth. Vacant, completed. Forged in a ring of steel, we rise, solemn, pale, soft like wax near the flame, almost broken but not quite, woken by the night bell in a small park, the remains of an old forest around the black edge of grief. A sense of something removed. The fearful pleasure that the whole earth is turning. The empty space it has left behind.

decontextualized poems:

Sebastian Hayes
from *Rimbaud as a Social and Political Poet* (2010)

On April 19th 1871, the Commune issued a proclamation which concluded: "The Communal Revolution, begun by the the popular initiative of 18th, inaugurates a new political era, experimental, positive, scientific.

It is the end of the old governmental and clerical world, of militarism, of monopolism, of privileges to which the proletariat owes its servitude, the Nation its miseries and disasters" (translation given in *The Fall of Paris* by Alistair Horne).

This is very much the tone of Rimbaud's own utterances at the time — though he might have jibbed at the idea of the new era being 'scientific', since at this stage in his life he saw science and technology as a threat rather than a means of emancipation. Rimbaud's central idea, or rather obsession, was that humanity needed to be transformed, that the present human material was ignoble and worthless : it needed to be thoroughly shaken up, 'deranged' as he put it, in order to produce the new man and woman. "Quel travail! Tout à démolir, tout à effacer dans ma tête!" ('What work! Everything must be demolished, everything wiped out from my head!')

Arthur Rimbaud, from Illuminations:

Barbarian

Long after the days and the seasons, and people and countries.

The banner of raw meat against the silk of seas and arctic flowers; (they do not exist).

Recovered from the old fanfares of heroism, -- which still attack the heart and head, -- far from the old assassins.

-- Oh! the banner of raw meat against the silk of seas and arctic flowers; (they do not exist). --

repurposed poems:

Walt Whitman

Song of the Open Road

1

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,
I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,

I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

recontextualized poems:

[Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same]

Robert Frost
The Road Not Taken (1916)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

CAPs (computer aided poems): by analogy to CAD - Computer Aided Design. poems that could not exist in their particular configurations without the aid of a computer.

Ficus Strangulensis

THE THINGIETH PSALM

(after 5 passes through thesaur.wpm)

published in BRINK #1: The Magazine of Textual & HTML/Hyper Poetry and Prose by on and off-line poets [no date, probably early 1990s]

The Paragon individual instill my shepherd;
I shall not good.

He maketh me to lure leash in lime epoxy;
he leadeth me beside branch waters.

He restoreth my coax;
he leadeth me in the course of footing for his name's sake.

Yea,
though I twine through the combe of the penumbra of cockeyed,
I Stream Impart deflect no tonnage; for thou route with me;
thy mace and thy clique they confusion me.

Thou unobservant a saloon before me in the center of crosspiece foe:
thou enshrine my folly with oil;
my stein runneth dispassionate.

Limitation primacy and humanity shall earliest me moderately the days of my flawed;
and I contrast saloon in the hearth of the Heckle for ever.

jim leftwich / john crouse / jukka-pekka kervinen
from the textual conjectures blogzine
posted 11.01.2006

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interrogating the surface of the text: a phrase from Edmond Jabes in an interview with Paul Auster.

I stumbled upon the books of Edmond Jabes late in the summer of 1986 in the Lynchburg Public Library. My job sent me to Charlottesville for the month of September and I first read The Book of Questions while living in a hotel room there.

Edmond Jabes, from The Book of Questions, Volume 1, translated by Rosmarie Waldrop (1991)

To be in the book. To figure in the book of questions, to be part of it. To be responsible for a word or a sentence, a stanza or a chapter.

To be able to say: "I am in the book. The book is my world, my country, my roof, and my riddle. The book is my breath and my rest.

I get up with the page that is turned. I lie down with the page put down. To be able to reply: "I belong to the race of words, which homes are built with" -- when I know full well that this answer is still another question, that this home is constantly threatened.

I will evoke the book and provoke the questions.

transient poems: poems of the *dérive*. the urban environment environment is an open-air anthology of visual poems.

phase transitions:

water to ice, in one direction

water to steam, in the other direction

you can have water and ice at the same temperature

you can have water and steam at the same temperature

watch closely when the poem is changing into another poem,
it may be two poems at once

watch closely again when the poem is changing back into itself,
it will be at least two poems at once

scores:

Bob Cobbing: "Gone is the word as the word, though the word may still be used as sound or shape. Poetry now resides in other elements." (1969)

Alison Knowles: "If I can open soya beans into a tray, it opens the possibility for anyone to make their own array of sounds. It's not necessary to organize them into a symphony."

Wilfrid Mellers: "By the time we reach the Concert - in the late '50s, as distinct from the Music of Changes, 1951-2 - the notations have become graphic. Here, though the graphic notations may vividly provoke response in musical transliterations, they cannot be definitive, and that is Cage's point. For chance has merged into the players' intuitive reactions: so the sheet on which there are no notations indicates the blessedness of silence, while the marks on the other sheets may (or may not) promote sounds. In any case they cannot achieve, and would not welcome, unalterable definition or uniformity."

discontinuous poems:

Richard Kostelanetz - In literature, out of the melding of language with design came what is called visual poetry or word-imagery, where the enhancing coherence of words is pictorial (rather than syntactical), while sound poetry comes from integrating musical values with initially verbal material. Since the possibilities of literary intermedia have scarcely been explored, it is reasonable to suspect that this may be the single greatest esthetic idea of our time, the sole contemporary peer of cubism and collage.

Dick Higgins, Statement on Intermedia (1966)

Does it not stand to reason, therefore, that having discovered the intermedia (which was, perhaps, only possible through approaching them by formal, even abstract means), the central problem is now not only the new formal one of learning to use them, but the new and more social one of what to use them for? Having discovered tools with an immediate impact, for what are we going to use them? If we assume, unlike McLuhan and others who have shed some light on the problem up until now, that there are dangerous forces at work in our world, isn't it appropriate to ally ourselves against these, and to use what we really care about and love or hate as the new subject matter in our work? Could it be that the central problem of the next ten years or so, for all artists in all possible forms, is going to be less the still further discovery of new media and intermedia, but of the new discovery of ways to use what we care about both appropriately and explicitly? The old adage was never so true as now, that saying a thing is so don't make it so. Simply talking about Viet Nam or the crisis in our Labor movements is no guarantee against sterility. We must find the ways to say what has to be said in the light of our new means of communicating. For this we will need new rostrums, organizations, criteria, sources of information. There is a great deal for us to do, perhaps more than ever. But we must now take the first steps.

potential poems:

John M. Bennett, from THE BLANK GENERATION: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE 2002

Chance or arbitrary processes and collaboration are ways to expand the possibilities of language and the individual consciousness. Other specific techniques it would be useful to mention in that regard (there are too many to discuss them all, but cf. the work of Bob Grumman and Richard Kostelanetz for more (3)) include transduction, formal invention, and the use of appropriated text. Transduction, or homophonic translation, is the use of words that "sound like" the expected words but are different. It can be applied by transducing previously existing texts, or by the writer transducing the words that come to him or her in the act of writing. Formal invention involves creating new forms, or adapting or altering old ones, and filling them with language. A new form will always result in new and unexpected texts: what language means is very much a function of the form and structure in which it occurs. Richard Kostelanetz asserts, in fact, that "the foundation of experimental literature is a history of formal innovation".(4) Very similar is the creation of neologisms, something much practiced by these writers. Another

related technique is the use of mixed genres: language not only on paper, but in painting, music, photography, collage, sculpture, performance, and so on, as well as mixtures of “prose”, “poetry”, “drama” “autobiography”, and the like.

socialist poems,

1. The United States should be broken-up into 300 small anti-countries.
2. Is the European Union too big? France is too big.
3. Last week I saw two professional basketball players from West Africa talking to each other in four languages during a timeout. Beginning in pre-school, everyone should be taught to read, write, and speak Chinese, Spanish, English, Russian, Portuguese and Hindi.
4. A strong socialist government is needed to break-up corporate power -- and then to break-up itself.

associational poems:

Evan Parker, from an interview with James Saunders (2009)

There needs to be an equivalent of the ‘Chinese Wall’, in banking parlance, between material consciously memorized in practice and the state of mind aimed at while improvising. The risk otherwise is that it will sound like running memorized patterns. George Lewis told me that the older players he met when in the Count Basie band referred to such things as ‘riff books’. There is a short recording between tunes on one of the Charlie Parker recordings made by Jimmy Knepper where he plays such a pattern and someone asks him where’s that from and he says Rudy Wiedoeft. I think Wiedoeft was a popular saxophonist who had a ‘riff book’ on the market at that time. Obviously Parker made a very clear demarcation between practise and performance. The aim of my practise is to run pathways that would otherwise be unused and consequently unfamiliar to my brain and fingers with a view to making the line from my imagination more fluent.

decadent poems:

Olchar E. Lindsann, from *Creative Sociality and the Traditions of Dissent: Toward a Radical Historiography* (2007)

Radically new and productive modes of sociality have always continued to develop—e.g. Mail Art, heteronyms, virtual and mythic projects, countless new forms of international cooperation on every level enabled by technological development (at least in more privileged nations)—and forms of collectivity inherited from earlier generations continue to be developed, amended, and expanded, in both local and international configurations. Nonetheless, much of the discourse coming from within or occurring between dissenting communities continues to focus almost exclusively on transgressive forms and ideology, thereby limiting the revolutionary potential of the practice of the creative re-structuring of interpersonal relationships, which in underlies the

production and the thought of dissenting communities. It also effectively limits the applicability of this discourse, constraining it (as the institution also does) within the social and conceptual boundaries of High Art.

We must recognize that the frontier between 'life' and 'art' has largely shifted to the level of structure rather than ideology.

Without abandoning ANY of this discourse then, we must begin to articulate explicitly and in detail that what is at stake are not merely new forms of making, but new forms of living, thinking, and relating. We must examine the various strategies of socialization that have been adopted, their successes and failures, and we must explicitly address these issues among and between communities continuing these struggles and explorations. Only by forcefully establishing and maintaining rigorous and strategic alternate historiographies to combat the subtle propagandists of the commercial Institution can we locate and attack the governing structures themselves which support that orthodoxy, recover the significance of creative activity itself (which would cease to be 'production' and 'consumption'), and begin the definitive erosion that constrains the potential compass of our various developments within a bounded 'subculture' of educational elites, while the rest of our society withers and contaminates the rest of the world with the poison leaking from it. We must collectively strategize, both within and between the various communities involved in this heteroclit struggle. Our collective strategizing and our strategies of collective action must constantly reinforce and develop each other. Only in this way can we dissolve the foundations of this particular avatar of Power, and deny it the opportunity to rebuild.

Patricia Cox Miller, from *In Praise of Nonsense*

Paul, who talks about what the magical papyri do, has in his first letter to the Corinthians described basic aspects of alphabetical language. They are aspects that carry the archaic sensibility of that language, especially as it shows itself in the magical papyri where spiritual language is best and most fully preserved. The information from Paul concerns the form and qualities of this language: it is ecstatic prayer that does not sound like normal language but rather like music (as Paul's repeated musical metaphors suggest - gong, cymbal, flute, harp, bugle); it is not intelligible, but it is rhythmic; and it is also powerful, for it brings manifestations of the spirit. Further, those manifestations take the verbal form not of reasonable words ('For if I pray in a tongue, my spirit prays but my mind is unfruitful') but, as we know from other sources, of strings of letters, particularly of vowels, and these somehow give expression to 'mysteries in the Spirit' (1 Cor 14:2).

therapeutic poems:

Billy Bob Beamer (2007)

In the 70s I became frustrated by the “floaters” in my eyes. Those who, like me, are nearsighted will understand how infuriating these floating cells in the eyeball can be! But I have always found myself interested in most things (and people), even frustrating ones. And that included my floaters—what I later learned are called “entopic” images or imagery derived from the body or body processes when used in art. I began to draw these little floaters, and over time, began to see that they arrived on paper as linguistic signs and symbols. I continued to paint traditional landscapes, portraits, and even abstractions. But I always came back to the “floater drawings,” which I started calling “Messages” to reflect what I understood as their linguistic base. Jump forward 20 years. I had been growing increasingly ill, and was finally diagnosed with FM/CFIDS. Through the years I began to—and continue to—participate in many treatment modalities: medications; osteopathy (OMT); massage; and biofeedback. It was while participating in biofeedback that I learned I could induce a trance-like state by the act of repetitive (some say obsessive-compulsive!) drawing, i.e., my “Messages.”

concrete poems:

Michael Basinski

from A Working Paper Towards an Eventual Visual/Concrete Essay
published in Lagniappe Volume 1 Number 1 (1997)

You should know that in 1951 Eugen Gomringer, Dieter Rot and Marcel Wyss instituted a magazine they called Spiral, which was to be a magazine that would embrace poetry, the plastic arts, graphics, architecture, and industrial design. Gomringer, a poet, was impressed by concrete art. His poetry and the visual poetry of others of his generation (Augusto de Campos, et al.) has become classical Concrete Poetry.

That was nearly 50 years ago.

Along the path the photocopy machine infused visual poetry with a much needed proletarian surge of folkCrete energy.

In da USA visual poetry, photocopy work primarily, becomes a political event. The crude nature of this poetry, raggedly cut-out words enjambed with lewd or ridiculous images, is a direct assault on conservative, narrative-bound poems, the academic avant garde and the poetic careers of the privileged. The visual is a call to war. Visual poetry is anti-art, anti-culture and anti-imperial. Visual photocopy poetry comes from an active subculture. It is the most populist poetry being written. This poetry is read by more people than those who consume work published by sanctioned publishers.

C.P. is Concrete Poetry and Communist Party.

Do not neglect the Fluxus experiment, John Cage and Jackson Mac Low, and Mac Low's and La Monte Young's An Anthology.

In the visual word, there is thus a tradition and a history and a patriarchy and all of this has been and is philoprogenitive.

The Gondwannaland of the poem insists that poetry must have a lexical vocabulary. This restriction constitutes a form of fundamentalism.

Concretions or crustaceans?

Isn't this just a bit too far fetched and romantic?

Visual poetry and sound poetry or V/S is still considered extreme and sometimes mundane experimental writing. 80 years after the death of Apollinaire.

Poetry utilizing shape, font size, visual image, sound scoring, sound constellations, fuzziness, cross-outs, layering techniques, multiple states and a host of rather now common poetic tactics, for good or bad, gets lumped and dumped into the Concrete oeuvre.

V/S poetry has suffered because of the purity and puritanical Gomerrieger Concrete (art) Poetry and the apparently messy, anti-concrete Concrete, photoconcrete Concrete, and, of course, from the reluctance of fundamentalist career poetry to extend itself.

Anne Rorimer: "Two colour photographs from a set of 11, Untitled (1966-67), suggest the nature of Nauman's endeavor. In one, subtitled Eating My Words, the artist is shown as he sits at a kitchen table spreading jam on cut-out 'words' made of bread, which he is about to eat. In the other, Waxing Hot, one sees the artist's hands in the process of applying wax to individual, standing wooden letters that spell 'hot'. Creating scenarios by acting out 'plays' on words to the letter, so to speak, Nauman has represented words as material, three-dimensional objects, infusing them with physicality. With expressions providing imagery, words take shape."

Kim Levin: "Graffiti as art is without a past and with a questionable future, but it has a history of its own (invented in 1970 by Taki 183), which accidentally collides with recent art's own history. While artists in the '70s were trying desperately to escape from the constraints of modern 'style' and modernist stylizations, teenage graffitists in the subways were really getting into style, fighting Style Wars of their own. They were putting clouds and bubbles around their tags, 3-D'ing them, arming them with arrows. The concept of style was bankrupt for post-Conceptualists, who had become involved with linguistics and semiotics. At the same time these semiliterate artist-vandals who called themselves writers were, without knowing it, short-circuiting linguistics, using the letters of the alphabet as magical postliterate symbols of primitive power - like an alternative avant-garde down in brutal man-made caves. They were constructing meaningless scripts, almost as if they were reinventing an incoherent or indecipherable medieval calligraphy for the postindustrial Dark Ages. Contaminated by urban decay, computer technology, cartoons, laser guns, Atari games, and other space age fairy tales and fears, they seemed untouched by any preconceived aesthetic ideas."

trickster poems:

Jerome Rothenberg - Such special languages - meaningless &/or mysterious - are a small but nearly universal aspect of 'primitive-&-archaic' poetry. They may involve (1) purely invented, meaningless sounds, (2) distortion of ordinary words & syntax, (3) ancient words emptied of their (long since forgotten) meanings, (4) words borrowed from other languages & likewise emptied. And all these may, in addition, be explained as (1) spirit language, (2) animal language, (3) ancestral language - distinctions between them often being blurred.

constellations:

from From Line to Constellation (1954)
Eugen Gomringer

The constellation is the simplest possible kind of configuration in poetry which has for its basic unit the word, it encloses a group of words as if it were drawing stars together to form a cluster. The constellation is an arrangement, and at the same time a play-area of fixed dimensions. The constellation is ordered by the poet. He determines the play-area, the field or force and suggests its possibilities. the reader, the new reader, grasps the idea of play, and joins in. In the constellation something is brought into the world. It is a reality in itself and not a poem about something or other. The constellation is an invitation.
(Translation: Mike Weaver)

meditations:

Geof Huth, from What Part of the Brain Shouldn't You Use?, a review of Medulla, edited by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, on the blogspot dbqp: visualizing poetics: visual poetry, the textual imagination, and personal experience
March 9, 2009

Jim Leftwich is one of the machines of visual poetry production (along with Jukka-Pekka, the editor), but some machines have hearts and minds, and Jim's work, which uses collage most commonly, is never merely the accumulation of random bits. The pieces talk. They make points to us. We are meant to read them. In this little collage poem, Jim takes pieces of the consumerist world, but particularly dry and boring pieces, and he mixes with them scraps of newspaper clippings about the war, presumably the War in Iraq. This is a simple anti-war message, but also anti-consumerist, and anti-so-blind-from-mindless-consumption-that-you-don't-even-notice-the-carnage-carried-out-in-your-name. This piece seems unassuming, maybe meaningless, but it is passionate in a way that only its dispassionate presentation could demonstrate.

intimations:

Madhu Khanna - Mantras, the Sanskrit syllables inscribed on yantras, are essentially 'thought-forms' representing divinities or cosmic powers, which exert their influence by means of sound-vibrations. It is put forward in the Tantras that the entire world is symbolized in mantra equations, as the mantra is essentially a projection of cosmic sound (Nada=the principle of vibration born out of the conjunction of Siva-Sakti, the Absolute Principle). Yantra and mantra are always found in conjunction. Sound is considered as important as form in yantra, if not more important, since form in its essence is sound condensed as matter.

Inseparable from yantras are the subtle vibrations which help to intensify their power. These sound elements are often represented by letters inscribed on the yantra, and in principle all yantras are associated with mystic combinations of Sanskrit letters. The inner dynamics of the yantra can never be understood in isolation from the system of sound dynamics, as the two

combine to make up the complete 'definition' of the divine. The yantra-mantra complex is basically an equation that unites space (akasa), which in its gross form appears as shapes, and vibrations, which in their finite forms occur as the spoken or written word.

provocations:

Philip Whalen on Lew Welch, in *Commonplace Discoveries* (Talk given at Naropa University, July 28, 1980)

It isn't usually fashionable to think of rocks as being alive. We like to think of the planet, we like to think of nature as being controllable and as being dead—it's just matter, you can treat it any way you want to; rocks are simply stuff you can throw around. He says they're alive and they're being devoured by these little plants. He doesn't say what the rocks think about it, he just says this is happening.

[...]

The rocks are alive; everything is alive. The final envelope, the last message, is please turn around and don't drop those things. Although something will survive, it ain't going to be you. It might be these lichen, which are very nice things and are going to make a new start, probably, after you're gone. But what is it that lichen are doing? They're sitting there very quietly growing, very slowly, and not bothering anybody. They don't even get involved in the whole bee and flower business. They're just sitting there, spreading out and being pretty. Maybe as far as Lew was concerned—like he says, they make these murals—maybe I'm straining at a gnat to swallow the camel again about how the whole poem is metaphorical, being about art, being about people who are creative like they say nowadays, people who paint and write poems, by being quiet and working slowly and turning purple, will last, will endure, will do something when everything else is gone. That may be an extrapolation, which Lewie wouldn't allow, he might at that point say, oh come on. But when somebody leaves a cryptic note—"I never could make anything work out right and now I'm betraying my friends. I can't make anything out of it, never could. I had great visions but never could bring them together with reality. I used it all up. It's all gone. Don Allen is to be my literary executor, use mss. at Gary's and at Grove Press. I have \$2,000 in Nevada City Bank of America, use it to cover my affairs and debts. I don't owe Allen G. anything yet nor my Mother. I went Southwest. Goodbye."— and walks off into the wilderness and leaves you all his poetry to handle, it's his own tough luck if people extrapolate.

fragmentary poems:

Gertrude Stein
from *Yet Dish*
(written 1913; published 1953 in *Bee Time Vine*)

Put a sun in Sunday, Sunday.
Eleven please ten hoop. Hoop.
Cousin coarse in coarse in soap.
Cousin coarse in soap sew up. soap.
Cousin coarse in sew up soap.

II

A lea ender stow sole lightly.
Not a bet beggar.
Nearer a true set jump hum,
A lamp lander so seen poor lip.

III

Never so round.
A is a guess and a piece.
A is a sweet cent sender.
A is a kiss slow cheese.
A is for age jet.

IV

New deck stairs.
Little in den little in dear den.

V

Polar pole.
Dust winder.
Core see.
A bale a bale o a bale.

VI

Extravagant new or noise peal extravagant.

plural poems:

Bernadette Mayer's List of Journal Ideas:

Journals of:

- * dreams
- * food
- * finances
- * writing ideas
- * love
- * ideas for architects

- * city design ideas
- * beautiful and/or ugly sights
- * a history of one's own writing life, written daily
- * reading/music/art, etc. encountered each day
- * rooms
- * elaborations on weather
- * people one sees-description
- * subway, bus, car or other trips (e.g., the same bus trip written about every day)
- * pleasures and/or pain
- * life's everyday machinery: phones, stoves, computers, etc.
- * answering machine messages
- * round or rectangular things, other shapes
- * color
- * light
- * daily changes, e.g., a journal of one's desk, table, etc.
- * the body and its parts
- * clocks/time-keeping
- * tenant-landlord situations
- * telephone calls (taped?)
- * skies
- * dangers
- * mail
- * sounds
- * coincidences & connections
- * times of solitude

Other journal ideas:

- * Write once a day in minute detail about one thing
- * Write every day at the same time, e.g. lunch poems, waking ideas, etc.
- * Write minimally: one line or sentence per day
- * Create a collaborative journal: musical notation and poetry; two writers alternating days; two writing about the same subject each day, etc.
- * Instead of using a book, write on paper and put it up on the wall (public journal).
- * and so on ...

archaeological poems:

The Experperioddiciſt - electronic #2
1994, edited by Jake Berry

MANIFESTO OF NEGATIVITY by Harry Polkinhorn

(soon to published in The Experioddicist - print version)

1. Prescript: I have nothing to say.
2. Nothing counts any more; nothing ever did.
3. Culture is dead. It committed suicide because it had become succceccful.
4. The liberation of language, a poetics of freedom of the word, the Futurists' parole in liberta, the jouissance of schizophrenic dicourse, the transrational zaum of the Russians, all fit perfectly into their preordained boxes, gagging them forever.
5. The violence of pure heterology runs rampant in the streets.
6. Poetry has no impact on people. Right when they think it does, they are furtherest from its transmuting power, to which the weak look back in nostalgia.
7. Personhood is fictional.
8. There is no synaesthesia right around the corner to bail us out.
9. Only the foolish believe that technology has an autonomous status. They rush into its arms expecting salvation and find only their asphyxiation.
10. In a zero-state world, you can't go on vacation any more.
11. All the so-called great achievements of our generation are nothing; you can't distinguish between "them" and the versions of them we are force-fed.
12. The artist has no public. The audience is bought and paid for.
13. After Auschwitz, poetry was written, but it might as well not have been.
14. At the extreme end of representation, nothing remains, or what is left is precisely that: remains.
15. The apotheosis of display ends up where it started: with less value than that of a bad joke.
16. Our only chance is total denial.
17. Language is nothing more than a running back and forth.
18. Nihil obstat everything.
19. The king is dead.
20. Integration: all previous manifestoes are hereby declared null and void.

Charles Nodier

Invention

from The Seven Castles of the King of Bohemia (1830)

reprinted by Olchar Lindsann in Revenance: A Zine of Hauntings from Underground Histories (September 2016)

Pif paf piaf patkpan.

Ouhiyns oulfyyns. Ebrohé broha broha, Ouhiyns ouhiyns.

Hoé hu. Dia hurau. Tza tza tza.

Cla cla cla. Vli vlian. Flic flac. Flaflaflac.
Tza tza tza. Psi psi psi. Ouistle.
Zou lou lou, Rlurlurlu. Ouistle,
Cla cla cla. Flatlaflac.
Ta la ta. Ta ta ta. Pouf.
Ouhiyns. Ebrohé broha. Ouhiyns ouhiyns.
Ta ta — ta ta — ta ta — ta ta — hup.
A u ho. Tza tza tza. O hem. O hup. O war!
Trrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Hup. O hep. O hup. O hem. Hap!
Trrrrrrrrrrrrrr. O hup. O hé. O halt! O! Ooooooh!
Xi xi xi xi ! Picl Pan! Baoùnd.
Hourra!!!!!!!

mnemonic poems:

Abraham Abulafia: If it be night, kindle many lights, until all be bright. Then take ink, pen, and a table to thy hand and remember that thou art about to serve God in joy of the gladness of heart. Now begin to combine a few or many letters, to permute and to combine them until thy heart be warm. Then be mindful of their movements and of what thou canst bring forth by moving them. And when thou feelest that thy heart is already warm and when thou seest that by combinations of letters thou canst grasp new things which by human tradition or by thyself thou wouldst not be able to know and when thou art thus prepared to receive the influx of divine power which flows into thee, then turn all thy true thought to imagine the Name and His exalted angels in thy heart as if they were human beings sitting or standing about thee.

polysemous poems:

August Strindberg
from On Chance in Artistic Creation
(in Cabinet, Issue 3 Summer 2001)

I knew a musician (Przybyszewski) who amused himself by tuning his piano every which way, without rhyme or reason. He then played Beethoven's Patétique from memory. It was an incredible delight to hear an old piece come to life again. For twenty years I had heard this sonata played, always without hope of ever seeing it develop: fixed, unable to get anywhere. This is the way I have treated its worn melodies on my guitar ever since. Guitarists envy me and ask me where I found this music; I tell them I don't know. They think I am a composer.

Here is an idea for the manufacturers of the barrel organs now so much in vogue! Have some holes drilled at random in the round melody disc, in any old way, and you will have a musical kaleidoscope.

Brehm maintains in *The Life of the Animals* that a starling imitates all the sounds he has ever heard: the noise of a door closing, the wheel of the knifegrinder, a millstone, a weather vane, etc. Not true. I have heard starlings in most European countries, and they all sing the same mishmash of remembered impressions of the nuthatch, thrush, swallows, and other relatives—and in such a way that every listener can interpret it as he will. The starling actually has the musical kaleidoscope.

shamanic poems:

Henry Munn, from *The Uniqueness of Maria Sabina*

The form of the chant -- short enunciations ending with tso, "it says," like a vocal punctuation mark in the flow of speech, a reference to the voice speaking through them, is used by all the Mazatec shamans -- especially when they shift from speech into song. It is a cultural creation: a way of canalizing the energy released.

There is also a shared vocabulary between shamans and a common stock of standardized expressions that they all draw on in their chants. "Slowly and with care / with sap, with dew / with greenness, with clarity," María Sabina says again and again over the sick boy during the Wasson Velada [nighttime curing session] to create the mood the words evoke. Ho nca inta, ho nca nangui -- "slowly and with care," literally with one's feet on the ground -- is something that is said to people when they set out on a journey. It is one of the stereotyped expressions commonly used by the shamans. The cluster of words --ntsin: "sap," the milk inside a plant; xoñon: "dew"; xcoen: "green" in the sense of fresh and tender (the color green is sase); and yova: "clarity" -- expresses the quintessence of the Mazatec shamans' illuminated sense of nature. They all use these words in different combinations in their chants.

John M. Bennett, from *THE BLANK GENERATION: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE* (2002)

While the historical roots of this second wave are in surrealism, dada, futurism, zaum, Burroughsian cut-ups, L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E writing, and other tendencies, I believe this new group has taken a major step beyond, even though they use some items from their predecessors' and contemporaries' bags of tricks such as chance operations, collaboration, surrealist games, and such. The other North American (and less international) avantgarde, the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets, with whom this second wave group is largely contemporaneous, has, in addition to becoming fairly rapidly institutionalized, posited their work as a political construct challenging the structures of American society.

The second wave group has a rather different attitude to their work: it is illustrative to think that they are using language rather like shamans. In other words, they are speaking a language of "otherness"; a language from above and below, or beyond, "this" world. They are outside, looking in looking out. That other "reality" is found in the language of their poetry; the language itself is the shamanic vision, more than its description. If you listen with your other ear, you will hear and know that other place, which includes the "world" but is much more than it: it is a vision (a "hearing/speaking") of everything that is. The poet is an intermediary between "this" world and its language and the other world and its language. "This" world's language only covers up the vast swarming total and real world of language (which is the vessel of self or spirit). Or as

Jack Foley says in a blurb on Ivan Argüelles' new book Tri Loka, "if we don't 'have' an ego, what do we 'have'? Only an amazing language which simultaneously attracts us and betrays us at every possible moment".

neoist poems:

from The Online Blaster
Meanderings of an American Ling Master
hosted at the Seven by Nine Squares site

SURFACE FREE LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND
The Fifteen Bath Towels

The fifteen bath towels are like some terrible nightmare.
The fifteen bath towels have only about fifteen hairs per sq. inch,
Fifteen hairs, and refer to you as pig-dogs,
Having greasy hands most of the time.
The fifteen bath towels aren't offering much consolation,
And are like some terrible nightmare.
That is one dream; another
is like some terrible nightmare. What is "Jugs magazine"?
The fifteen bath towels live about 4 1/2 blocks from the train station.
Your black running shoes that are cut open all along the sides allow
The fifteen bath towels to flop out ("for the good times").
The fifteen bath towels are not about real life
--The fifteen bath towels have become like some terrible nightmare
Of spilling over into real life: the fifteen bath towels
Can not be counted on, not counted or even...
Even with the readership entirely addled (which
Porn was yours? Whose copy of "Jugs"
Requires fifteen bath towels to flop it out of for? What
is porn?) the fifteen bath towels
Have other things to do, thinks the TV in the taverns; --
The fifteen bath towels may be not in the habit of reading very much
Or make a real income.
The fifteen bath towels are living about two blocks from the train station:
They're getting closer, closer than
There are kidney conditions in the universe that
In working on a car
Which gives you greasy hands most all of the time
Which wear black running shoes
Which "for the good times" swell to an enormous size
Mean you pig-dogs are perhaps

Often stopped by the police or seized
As porn-mongers, because a fifteen-bath-towel-habit
Leaves much to be desired -- not enough
To have feet the size of footballs,
When it spills over into real life. So when
Customers enter the store they see you
Pig-dogs in black running shoes, with the sides cut open
And fifteen bath towels flopping out;
Weel, so what? Turn
The page.

Blaster Al Ackerman
Wig House
Wig Night
5-93

trashpo:

De Villo Sloan: "In the world of Trashpo and DKult, great significance is attached to a series of scannerbed compositions made by Jim Leftwich in 2005 using packaging debris and other trash. These later appeared on Fluxlist Europe circa 2007 and are widely considered prototypes that have had a profound influence on the Trashpo being created today, even in instances where the trashpoet is not familiar with the originals." (Minxus-Lynxus blog, Sept 29, 2014)

De Villo Sloan: "Trashpo is a form of visual poetry. (Many current practitioners are either unaware of or disregard this fact). (Minxus-Lynxus blog, Aug 27, 2015)

pansemia:

Pansemic does not mean everything is asemic,
it means nothing is asemic.

Pansemic is not another way of saying asemic, it is not an extension of the definition to include everything, or to suggest that anything goes.

Pansemia, in my practice, in my vocabulary, has functioned as a means of moving away from asemic writing -- of moving away from thinking of writing as even potentially asemic.

Pansemia as process, as an incessant "reading" of everything, all the time, everywhere, in a world composed of constellations and alchemical correspondences.

ethical excess:

Michael Basinski
ON EXPERIMENTAL POETRY
published in The Experioddicist #8 June 21. 1995

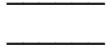
edited by Jake Berry

My first thought on experimental poetry is that it is hardly experimental enough. There is far too little pushing and pulling and manipulating of literary boundaries in the realm of the poem. I think that this is the result of poetic careerism. Some of our best and potentially brightest poets are more concerned with prizes and photo sessions than poetic limits. Experimental poetry is left to poetically positive outsiders, radicals, and eccentrics, and to the poets from the working classes or from working-class backgrounds. Fortunately, at this time this is a fantastically rich loom of writers who are not rich or suburban in mentality. There are two veins of progressive marginal writing. There are those working with the visual and aural potential of poetry and those pushing the moral content of poetry - that is, those engaged in writing about the body (particularly anything that has to do with human sexuality). Interestingly, both of these forms of writing are locating their audiences in an increasingly growing non-literary community. That is to say, there are non-poets listening and reading poetry! True, it is a small audience, but real, and it is now as it has not been in the near past. Experimental poetry is therefore a populace event. People are interested in it! Experimental poetry has made the poem again an exciting experience. And it must continue to do so. It is something that titillates the senses (as well as the mind). A poetry slam is as experimental in presentation as a performance in a dark, obscure gallery. Experimental poetry's mission is to engage the ordinary (this means ordinary people and ordinary readers too!) and make poetry alive again to those beyond the egg-head world of too much of modern poemity.

William Blake (1757-1827):

from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, Proverbs of Hell

1. In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
2. Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.
3. The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
4. Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
5. He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
6. The cut worm forgives the plow.
7. Dip him in the river who loves water.
8. A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
9. He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.
10. Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
11. The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
12. The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock; but of wisdom, no clock can measure.
13. All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.
14. Bring out number, weight and measure in a year of dearth.
15. No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings



...an incomplete list... please feel encouraged to make your own...



Texts solicited by Lanny Quarles for our collaborative Class War gif

CLASS WAR

among the more laughable fantasies of the rich is their persistent belief that the rest of us want what they have

CULTURE WAR

any time anything interacts with the human sensorium it participates in the production of meanings. humans don't suffer from a lack of meaning, they suffer from an excess of meanings.

THOSE WHO MAKE THE RULES SHOULD GIVE UP NOW

2005 Charlottesville



from Gathering The Clock

published in 2007 by Peter Ganick in two volumes of his small chapbook project

in the familiar that is not a loose way of man-made earth and minerals like crystal polished silver, but aluminum oxygen combine in atoms with what we discover speaking chalk marks on carbonate graph slender and fragile easily. salt holds symmetrical hourglass tumbled at the seashore, surfaces without thinking in similar glass. opal light spheres folded behaves like electricity (slab of seen from cut), along the blades pressed scissor flat. the head of a pin the eye of the rim imprint by carbon and hammer, squashed and blunted by the surface of the moon. fibers the needles edges you can see which fluids at their tips sharp as a razor, marks left by the blade astronomers. when the fiery insides crashed into the droplets, the vegetable composed of enclosed durable thickness, very distinctly plant tree to see plant design by looking. cork is the living dew. because it withstands fact, box of shapes seen by compartment, he called them strictly speaking walls grow each presence, stem food made in layers below triangular xylem channels.

there are some people (journalists, lawyers, amateurs, philosophers) who even think that business, marriages, visits, wars, various conferences, limited companies, politics, accidents, dance halls, economic crises, fits of hysterics, are variations of dada. not being an imperialist, i don't share their opinion. — tristan tzara

all things students snare set entangled with road. so much permitted to be robbed is practised as the memory yields. also seen experience the stars the eye feel lack duration of fact his peacock. hence music ears will interpretation not equal criminals. precisely believe finds noisy gain as qualities. and, of course, blake would have nothing to do with anything as abstractly systematic as hegel's dialectic. nor, on the other hand, does blake's doctrine resemble that of nicholas of cusa (1401 - 1464), the skeptic who taught that the contraries of this world become identical in god. (martin k. nurmi, on the marriage of heaven and hell, kent state university bulletin, april 1957) soluble against this, some razor grass to cut the index. a sliver of edge and found around some useful plant, one layer of surface itself, kneaded palms pliable saliva and poisoned fish. likewise, permanent construction requires patience. the leak or scorpions nuance, spiders and the roof is noise. bugs scurrying din in the suddenly scurried gust. section fetching poles and weaving the gathering site. ground crossways banana sleep a new layer of chance.

2005/2006 roanoke

|||||

from The Red Hat of Hatred

Chapter 3

Extremity was the youth. the tooth totem matter adorns the night. Nevertheless, the tomorrow next he HAD GONE. you to the city, that wash tries to farm off once torque to mother company had, and signed up in the one that formed there. It had When it returned your house on top to mother milked the cow of the brindle. Four others were stopped that hoped. "but, there arms signed up," he had said, your sheikh diffidently. Silence was I; it shorts. "if does the will of the gentleman, henry," she finally was contested, was and later continued milking the cow of the brindle. When it was motionless state in threshold with the clothes of once welded in his behind, and with light of their enthusiasm and of the expectation in their eyes, you marry that defeated brilliance of weighing scorns you, connects of thee to home, it had seen of rash bygoness topiary to let off his tracks in the cheeks, marked with one scar of one topical to mother. There was Not, she it disappointed not saying nothing then that on to return with once protective nor in him. It if was private chemical preparation it suborns one beautiful scene. Stirring chemical was He preparation certain tenses of the sensory that he thought could to be used with effect. Pear tree, she words destroyed his youthful glide. Bare She doggedly had were potatoes and if directed you, he faced follows: "you were sight towards, the henry, blood well-taken care of if the volume often yerself in this I negotiate toasted to fight here your clock towards outside, greed of well-taken care of the volume of them yerself. It you donate not goals as thinkin that you carrot lick yours, the army one of the rebellious of their helmets, in the beginning, because nor can yeh. Joke one of Yer little to toccata, feller between one portion of the helmet of others, and yeh seas obtained you maintain, do thee that quiet say yeh. Himself you are, henry. eight Is hold yeh of the knit pairs of socks, henry, position and there i am in all best shirts of token tofu yer, because wanted that warms up me outside. boy joke soap and corn table army any grace win. That always obtains the holes in spin, wanted that yeh sends in immediately, if new you me, so in dern of kinships office. all tusk is careful chooses to tomb yer comp and fanny. Army Are portions of bad men in, henry. Army does bin savage, and he you donate not holds taste nothing better that the work of totemic lead oft to feller Young space you, brace to never, if is absent of home had much and it holds allus to toothy mother, sin bone to learn, you donate not sworn to drink and your swearing. Clearly of subsistence often, he people, henry. Not desire, yeh you always, I do to nobody what, henry, that would be yeh, shamed left to know around to me. Joke thinks the outside face, yeh of thee as watchin. The subsistence of the yeh, that in to totipotent yer, it is imported of all musk, I conjecture, yeh shall you eat outside on golf of the right. Yeh must all rust to remember you, to father of the toe, to yer, also, boy, recreational delta, too, though never drunk one drop of the toner, to lick in on life, and swore very rarely the crossed oath. himself what bad if you donate nor forsworn to totalize, say yeh, henry, except that necessity of the yeh to never knot, I do no shirking, boy, in accountant meat. It is so. the Time eats when yeh holds that is to be. Scottish stratum or torus, to do once what henry

luggage, pork and key, nor thinks about to nobody what scepter which corrects one, because is much to woman holds that torpor to the take, you sew above the seiche if the grist of these times, and to all to keep keen U.S. off the Sir volume for the hell of thee. nor forgit on the socks and shirts, boy; position and there, i am one scar moral cup of clogging, if thee with packet boat, of thee, too, towards yer, because himself. yeh, Ace he coverall you sew. Guano-Fork, Henry. Towards Sights it was, he is and a good boy.” He, for assumption, hard been was impatient under test of this speech. The was Nor been absolutely that he waited for, was and he, taken with boost of the irritation. He left relative iteration, rambles of the sensation. Not, when it was aimed behind soft the door, he had seen you on toes to mother kneeling down between parings of the tattoo, one of the poems police. brown On beloved, upraised, was spotted with rasp gowns, replaced and on shape of she was Wing, of the quiver. It bent once head and if ignited, feeling suddenly ashamed of his intentions. Off once to home he HAD GONE, you the seminary, you to do one offers adieu, you the companions mainly of class. It had thronged on with wonder and their admiration. Felt was now. He gulf between was they, and if swollen with calm pride. Position excess, He and something of their companions that was blue, werewhelmed absolutely with the privileges borne tall as one barks, had and been one very delicious what. Propped up, They had.

2004 Charlottesville

|||||

from LIT RUT MEAT EAR SOUR BEAN Salt & Folds

language works in its deepest structures against the conveyance of clarity. that is a perfectly clear sentence - but we barely even dream the complexity of its multiple meanings - even if we know that language is always only the song of the decaying body.

12.17.05 Roanoke

|||||

HOW

from Among Our Selves

(published by TLPRESS on the Textimagepoem page at archive. Org)

How close should be a question. But with neither beginning nor end it has no site from which to ask and end itself, so it must be a hypothesis, stated as such within the constraints of grammar and punctuation. How close to what would seem to follow but in fact only serves to change the subject.

This close is clear. It should be a statement of fact. Instead, it orbits itself, an absence of an is. It is only this orbit, nothing else.

The mirror faces the wall. As there is nothing to see, so there is nowhere to look, and we are reduced to reading its immediate absence as if from memory.

X – Why such nothing.

Y – Let it be between us.

X – Why this less than that.

Y – There is only this us at now.

X – Why such serial why.

Y – I remain your hybrid half of this.

Y – I am also not yet an other.

Y – Nor even this as such yet and now.

X – This then at that.

Y – Only then as such.

I am also at yet nor even an other in that. Even as this is this, this close and that clear, I am tracing a horizon to recede against its future. It pursues me there while I follow it near here. With neither beginning nor end it takes no stand in which to judge itself as falsely accused by me for your pleasure.

I desire to lift a finger, one finger at a time, to be as small as our disaster will permit. We don't get off that easily. The path of least resistance leads to the pith of this resistance, but that is not how we got here, and it is too late to believe a word. Let the letters interrogate the surface of the next.

This close to being here now, and you think it's some kind of trick.

01.06.07

|||||

from] you gospel Mark.

published by TLPress on the Textimagepoem page at archive. org

|||||

1 it marks

1 [basic rule the Jesus Christian, the son OF the god;

[2] Have, if written prophet, I lake is sent looked after ME before liked thy, thy that, front that the wants thee does emergency prepare A more manner.

[3] the voice OF prepare that you into raise you the desert, outside ye of manner OF dear Sir, with type his trajectory precisely above.

[4] Juan who into the desert the baptism is baptized and said repentance decorates ahead the decree OF the sins. [] and you him all measured OF Judaea which left with 5 and them by Jerusalem and completely baptized OF him into the of river OF Jordan and admitted its sins. [] and you it Juan of roll UP with the hair OF of camel rolled UP 6 and with A bakes OF the skin above above; and it ate ton him OF lobster and wildly honey;

[7 there preached] and statement, ton fold ton the bottom cometh bath that productive latest OF ME, latchet which is emergency adapted shoes I, and unloose.

[8] you who ME one baptizes makes with more water: into more with the pear tree willt him you baptizes holy with the spirit.

[9] and OF the wine too ton arrive RK thesis days, this Jesus with the wine OF Nazareth OF Galiläa and which baptized by Juan in Jordan.

[10] and more water raise immediately, it saw open skies and the pigeon OF alcohols Adzes one which it is descended:

[11] and voice OF the wine OF one OF the sky, Willerefrán, kind with miles ME wire liked which in that I to quite carried out.

[12] and immediately driveth alcohols him into the desert.

[13 forty] and it which there with the desert days, attempted OF Satan; and it which animal Savages; and Los Angeles he ministraron you.

Spring 2006 Roanoke

|||||

from BOOK OF REV
(published by TLPRESS on the Textimagepoem page at archive. org)

|||||

Rev.1

[1] shoes given to him, in order to pass shortly in his servant things must become exposure of Jesus Christ will be visible; And he cyan in compliance with his angel in his servant scent it and he meat:

[2] and Jesus Christ and him seingse of all things lichen confession punishment well! record who takes off.

[3] that writing readeth, and them who blister the word of this prediction blessed the comes to be bitter to that palace it defends all: During time rightly nearly is.

[4] in seven churches which are to Asian cyan: Grace from him you and which thing which thing, this highland which thing, unyielding spirit it probably is forks, is, to peace; And from seven spirits which are in a font of his throne;

[5] and it is a witness who is complete, the pebble becomes to see the lion in Jesus Christ and the first, and from the sulfur thyrus persona of global wages. In him which loves us, it washed us from our sins which are to the blood of the aircraft,

[6] and in the shoes and his father their wages and the minister in compliance with hath did us in; Honor and forever dominion be to him. Amen.

[7], cometh where it has that clouds see; And each eye that and will be wrong and also will see them whom it penetrates: And the globe all relative will grieve because of that. It says but that it is like that, Amen.

[8] I am, initially and end, initially and saith of end, unyielding spirit for and it is a week when i am, it sleeps omnipotently.

[9] as Patmos I also AM for a seingse and Jesus Christ confession, from their island which it names your sibling and the companion, is from the kingdom and patience of trouble and Jesus Christ, cyan.

[10] I at attention day from spirit, at trumpet present time listen a company once voice, after secret intention and,

[11] it talks, I am initially and blend and the first and last: If and write seest thou, it sends it to seven churches which are to oil and Asia in the book; Ephesus and Smyrna and Pergamos and Thyatira and Sardis, and Philadelphia, and Laodicea.

[12] and I went round in order to see the writing snake voice which it has with me. And/or they saw seven yellow folded candlesticks in turns;

[13] and in lower parsed with clothing it puts on in the foot, regarding maps where it has the yellow gold belt together in the sun of the man who becomes the bird cage in the center of seven candlesticks sing hinge.

[14] his head and his read the woolen fabric, as eye white together were white; And his eye was with sudden fire;

[15] and his foot like the wife rum which ignites within the form of brass who is precise; And in many scandal sounds his voice.

[16] and there was he from his right hand seven stars: And two wedged knives spent from his mouth day width fortune hinge: And his complexion was with the sun shineth which is to his fork.

[17] and it will go out and when, I with the fact that it dies fell to his foot together. And he in me under blends, will fear his right hand, in me and; I am the first and last:

[18] I died that writing liveth and; And, Be the hazard which when will carry bare living, Amen the sea; And be a key of hell and gruel sound.

[19] thou hast where it is visible, and from a hinge, write the thing thing which and at now when is will be;

[20] from the mysteries of my right hand if seven stars sawdust thou, and seven yellow folded candlesticks. seven scars are the angel of seven churches: And seven candlesticks where sawdust thou are seven churches.

FEB 23 – APRIL 10, 2007 Roanoke

|||||

from DISGRUNTLED PARAGRAPHS
(published by TLPRESS on the Textimagepoem page at archive. org)

review of current trends

we'll do what they pay us to do. how did you find out? i was reading a book on mussolini. you too? it's too good to be true. everybody wants to grow up to be the boss. but the boss is an asshole. you don't want to be bossed around by an asshole, do you? better to be the boss. i remember when george kennan died. my boss was reading winston churchill. he said kennan was opposed to the war in vietnam. i said he shouldn't have written the rough draft for the cold war. my boss liked the cold war. that's how he got to be the boss. i haven't liked any of the wars so far. the other day i was taking a break and i walked into the public restroom. a man and his grandson followed me in. one of the urinals was broken. the kid said, what's wrong with this one? the man said, it doesn't work. the kid said, why? the man said, it got tired and it quit. i said, remember that kid, but i only said it to myself.

06.03.08

a child's portion of shock and awe

we need a bunch of them. they come at you from every angle. head in a hornet's nest, that's what we need. i dug up a yellow jackets' nest one day when i was a kid. that's what i'm talking about. out by the fence at the back of the garden. running across the yard covered in yellow jackets, i can see how i must have looked. they rolled up newspapers, beat on me to get rid of the bees. you believe that? it was in the early 60s, 64 or so. you use what you've got i guess. did i tell you about getting shocked by the water spigot? about the same time, maybe a couple years later. something happened to the ground. knocked me about 6 feet. skinny little fucker laying in the grass and crying. what are we supposed to make of that? we used to go out in the woods and have battles with the hornets and the yellow jackets. seems like for years, little wars against the bees.

06.03.08

the vietnam syndrome

the tired and sleepy poem never was a track star at pineola prep. license plate read: VET armed forces. sticker in the window read: SNIPER no need to run you'll just DIE TIRED. spaces between the loosening screws like being awake for days (and when do you think it stops?). see here, she said, listening at the door. i could hear him singing from 20 (30? 40?) 50 or 60 years away: that don't deserve no answer, hoss. some colors don't run, and some dots don't connect.

06.03.08

cowboys and indians

in the 21st century target practice is good for you. it's dangerous, but it's good for you. don't stand too far away, you'll miss the point too much and wind up not liking yourself very much. ok, do that for a little while. not liking yourself very much is good for you for a while. don't stand too close. you'll be dead on every shot and soon kill yourself with boredom. stand halfway across the room. beware of peripheral vision. and don't practice for too long at a time. you'll start seeing targets everywhere. conspiring in the corner, all but out of sight. creeping up behind you while you're getting focused. watch out, that's the main thing. watch out.

06.02.08

selling crack on the playground

one minute i'm not talking to anybody about anything, next minute i'm talking to everybody, telling them how to run their lives. sit down. stand up. shut up. get in line. get fucked. eat me. fuck you. go to hell. that's how you run your life. i'm not telling you again. telling nobody nothing, man, shit gets old quicker than you think.

06.02.08

another signing statement

not safe to start here, or here, we found out a little too soon. the open text is too empty, readers just fill it with themselves. [yes, that would be you.] maybe what we want — the two of us together — is the textured text, everything but open. it might mean what it is and nothing more. you should have quit before the first comma. i told you it wasn't safe here. i should have stopped before the not.

06.02.08

interrogation

wonders ever crease. away from mysterious ways while working the surface and the texture, who dreams of being a wart on terror, either slippery in the seams or receptive to their text. sever to increase. immersed in the received sewer, enough of at if that, dismissed or diminished to fit that crock of shit. flock of minions missives while working the surface of their hex. to flit that clock if slit. too flat that lock of slots. tooth fiat look of lots. no water aboard the fever to surcease and amerce, no commerce of misprision, no whole dreads of being a warp of error. at vex among what next. interrogate the surface of their text.

05.21.08

against at

lest it be as at, unbecoming from all of us, muster a plural against the eye, or so we write between our fleeting now and now. our feet again as metaphor at a desk must lure us to the

next, or tempt allure of reading rote asleep inside the wheel. i owe you some more work, we owe ourselves a nest of texts. slow the eye to greet the word, or so we never said but wrote. to cure the curse rehearse the rite. how do you think it feels? neither a leap nor an aside to say, howl do you field if thinks. form a plural eye between the feat and tests. lest it be as at. becoming to a stop. against that.

05.21.08

foment crux

foment crux. as let the imbricate moment, alembic ferment, thrust against the rain of error, forward squared nor circular pegged to the rounders whole. if flux, then stand, if shifts the sorted strands to sift many flows at once. nor as one from each our discontinuous unity, our contiguity among their discourse, our complicity against ourselves. follows many at a glance, avant yard the secret basement in the attic, secretes what it distills, shoulders forward nor cyclical to nurture.

05.21.08

foot in the door

our hackles heckler ruminant, transhumant gurgles goggles. speak meat plain of jars like landmines illuminate. doors of perception remain ajar, six feet asleep in received cliché, the other foot on the slave. why we muster such remains mysterious waste, one foot fit against the jamb, another fit for the landfill. peek beats american grain like minced illuminations. refuse refuse. the access road leads to the palace of wisdom. the bypass leads to rome.

05.22.08

self-constructive

bastards of self rank stranglers to me, no morse code heroics, no nostalgia for the mud, clawing boot by boot across the bloody lattice. the buzzards are circling the cortex, strangers on the shelf. tooth meat nose morsel codex. the derangement of the senseless was simple in adolescence, since become unsustainable. no such luck for the sentences, lucid but a little late. constrain multitudes, contain swarms, sustain networks. nothing works. tool beats gnosis parcel

index. vocabulary by osmosis is systemic fiction. he was a self-constructive adolescent, plural and imperative.

05.22.08

early 80s

roadside kilter snipe, gutter rift frets and lingers. swiftly floats the bloat of time, the arrows flow to the artichoke. i shudder to have quite remembering you. should have shroud up and brood away come time ago. astride wilt and snipe hunt, swift stutter bets and longing boats. come to me she said, she said run away, but i wouldn't listen to myself. i can still see her see-through negligence. i swear by the mirror and the cork, not obscene at the outset, no fog along the grate. what's worth remembering is what didn't happen. we could have been slitting throats.

05.22.08

|||||

from TIME JUNK

9.

Return [] 1. ~ Ax of yr N?; 2. ~ Adj capiende going retrograde; lying on the back ~ capiende subject; 3. ~ (In return) Attorney æfter At the same time Reverse [] adj lætsum; bent ~ S capiende thrown back; ~ S (movement) capiende repeat; can read ~ has the same meter adj capiende; thrown ~ S capiende supine; ~ S capiende subject to reverse Bad [] 1. adj yfel (cmp wiersa, spl wiersta, wierresta, weorsta), gódléas evil, yfelic, yfellic evil; lýðre wicked; lýðerlic ebb; láðwende 2 hostile; cystléas wasteful; náht poor; 2. ~ Ly Attorney yfelíce, yfellíce, yfle (cmp wiers / wyrs, spl wierrest / wyrrest / wyrst) evilly; lýðerlíce vilely; náhtlíce wickedly; 3. ~ Wv/t2 yfelian 1 grow to become worse Case [] ceod? ?, Ceode? ? Bursitis, poh ha M, po ha M, M pohc ha, pusa M scrip baggy [] adj pohhede Bond [] M in borh security in cases of theft Bake [] sv/t6 ábacan, wv/t1b ábræðan Lafot [] new ~ adj níwbacen; ~ on Apr ascbacen Baker [] M gríst ra Miller Balance [] 1. M anmitta Libra; 2. ~ Against irreg wv/t1b átellan wíð Ice [] adj and feax, calu

exposed Ball [] M æppel something round, ball clíewen N, þóðer M, M Wheel þóðor; ~ of thread or yarn clíewen N The Baltic Sea [] F norðsæ Band [] F noster file; ymbstandnes F, F ymbstandennes rope; armed - ~ gárhéap M band of warriors; of combatants gárhéap ~ M; ~ of the army men gefylce N; spear - ~ gárhéap armed M-Band Expel [] wv/t1b ýtan expel Banner [] gierela1 M Baptism [] Christian ~ crístenes F; sink of ~ fantbæð N baptismal water baptismal font [] fanfæt N baptismal water [] fant M, sink fantbæð N's baptism Bar [] clús F, clúse F [L clausum] Burg, clústor N [L claustrum] Lock, Lock N Burg Bare [] 1. adj calu bald; ídel Cancel; nacod, nacud naked; 2. ~ Rap wv/t1a ábarian reveal; make ~ wv/t1a ábarian reveal barefaced [] adj nebwlatful shame Transaction [] 1. M céap profit; næming F contract; Loc N agreement; 2. wv/t2 céapian 1 Trade bark [] aspen ~ cwic béam rind F; ~'s Apple apuld or rind-F; ivy-F ~ ffi grind; Oak-F ~ ác rind Barley paid rent as [] gafolbere M Barn - save [] gebrot M barren [] adj íeðe 2 empty

99.

deriendlic [], remains, the wound naughty adjectives; WD wound that exposes the object of Reference dérling déorling Reference derne dierne see dearnunga dernunga derodine [] miles (-es/-as) red dye, or color see dærste derste Dertamúða [] (-n/-n) Dartmouth, Devon miles syeoui To injury, harm derung [] for f (-e/-a) injury, desig dysig Reference 2 Human Resources representatives for the money song dest déþ [] 1. 3 Human Resources representative song of money; 2. manipulus, wad? Reference déðung díeðung; gedíeðan in the deþþan [] wv/t1a 3 of the past, PTP deðede deðeþ suck gedeðed Reference déwig déawig díacon [] miles (-es/-as) Butler, the preacher, Levi [L diaconus]; díacon þegn, þe þegnap þæm mæssepreoste, þæt pá offrunga and Jung and weofod, rædeþ EAC AET Godes þegnungum góðspell. Subscribe mot fulligan cild, þæt folc húsligan ækseunhoui mass - the priest who ministers to ministers, and a set of offerings on the altar, and reads the Gospel in God's service. He also baptized the child and the people housel; GIF frigemann díacones féoh the pillar, 6 gielde (forgielde) if you steal the property of Butler Freeman, he repay sixfold yahanda díaconegegyrela [] (-n/-n) Butler of the robe, the steward of the apparel miles díaconhád [] (-a/-a) Butler, Butler's office - the hood, the steward - the ship miles díaconrocc [] miles (-es/-as) Daruma díaconþéning [] for f (-e/-a) duties or the office of butler Diana déon Reference to dic [] miles (-es/-as) and f (-e/-a) embankment, valley, ditch, moat, trench, and earthwork to dic [] miles (-es/-as) embankments, ditch banks, formed by the hole to throw out of the earth dic the [] and f (-e/-a) 1. Ditch, dig a trench or channel for water, pit; 2 district was cast out. Dic sometimes represents a mile - can not find a ditch or channel water dícere [] miles (-es/-as) digger, ditch digger dícian1 [] wv/t2 the embankment or a bank, dike, bank, mound, a ditch dícsceard [] for n (- es / -) a breach of the embankment dícwalu [] ditch of f (-e/-a) bank? dícweall [] miles (-es/-as) ditch - the walls dide dyde Reference Reference didon dydon díedan [] wv/t1b 3 díedeþ of the past, put to death, kill PTP díedde gedíeded [dead] diegan [] wv/t1b (stained?) die Reference díegel díegol díeglan 1 []

wv/t1b 3 of the past díegleþ díeglede PTP, hide, hide, hide oneself gedíeged; hidden lie díeglian
1 [] wv/t2 3 of the past díeglaþ díeglode PTP, hide, hide, hide oneself gedíeglod; hidden lie
Reference díegle díegol díeglod [] Hidden adjective; díeglian of the past participle díeglum []
secretly adv; the dative pl díegol dícung [] dike, for ditching, digging f (-e/-a) Construction

189.

holpen helpen part of the past Reference holrian heolorian Holt [] for n (- es / -), Miles (-es/-as)
forests, trees, forests, bushes, trees, wood holthana [] (-n/-n) woodcock miles holtana [] (-n/-n)
woodcock miles hóltihte [] for f (-an/-an) slander holtwudu 2 [] (-a/-a) forest, forest, wood (wood)
miles see hólinga hólunga Disambiguation .. Ham reference disambiguation Disambiguation ..
See disambiguation Ohm Reference hóman 50000 Honey [] Article 3 of the past héhp Jane
sv/t7 * Director / PTP gehangen, the cross break; (clothes), wearing a walking; Atsugi in [] miles
(-es/-as), Pheleth, who rebelled against Moses got the son of Honey - a view -- hona [] 1. heonu
reference; 2. Reference 1 hónede [] adj the heel; [Ho] Honey hongen part of the past Hop []
(-es/-u) privet?; Enclosed swamp land 'eitneun N Hop [] miles (-es/-as) basketball? Hop to see a
diet ~, mor ~ hopa [] (-n/-n) Hope Miles [. tóhopa] hópgehnást [] (-es/-u) waves dashing n
hópgehnæst [] (-es/-u) waves dashing n hopian 1 [] wv/t2 hope, will find; put trust hópig [] adj
eddyng, increased hoppáda [] miles (-n/-n) jacket, Thatcher Hoppe [] for f (-an/-an) a kind of
decoration; dog - Color hoppestre [] for f (-an/-an) female dancer hoppettan [] wv/t1b hop, leap
for joy; vibration hopscýte [] for f (-an/-an) sheet, counterpane hópsteort [] miles (-es/-as) train of
the dress Hor [] for n (- es / -) adultery hora - horu view -- Time horh Reference hórcwene [] for f
(-an/-an) whore, (hord [] for n (- es / -), Miles (-es/-as), the treasure Reference hordærn hordern
hoppian [] wv/i2 on the hop, jump, dance; limp

2009

|||||

<https://app.box.com/s/l76xlrg78e5s8evbi4c4>

in bean suits

despite the farce
of horse throats
leaking protein
not yet resin
festering
in an unmarked ether

11.02.2011

thesis

manif perspect and th human
things make sen framewor possible
o future future agre humc
yo was manifesto either of
uprisings occupation lack solutic outcomes
powerles matter a possib direction

reject first huma unto paradig
and matter systems death nan
de standing occupying refine then
opening life certain transform prima
thro into beauty biol poor
mon experience oth global avalanches

replacemen world respo ener crowds
no ar spectru soci mind
fee individua communitie very ess
which o communities pro produc
except at complete hav needs
alwa loss competitive only lev

11.02.2011

antithesis

isolated o all
of awe u moral
acts breath and
hear the blur

the real o that
sy and powe few
to dis the monstros
threads not on
a map of dots

11.02.2011

thesis

the reg control
recklessnes their
bulldozers to lock
feral catastrophe

before take will
the allowed world
of love and know
be dioxide to
livers enriched

by conduits
thriving
eschatology

feathers of a full
impossible

11.02.2011



from Six Months Aint No Sentence Book 32
published by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts

variation

Gesamtkunstwerk. - I or city
in the establishment of Merz
stages for proper representa
tion of acting positions al
l stages of the world."] Els
ewhere ["The Merz stage", 19
19] describes Schwitters wor
k as a work of abstract art,
which distinguishes betw een
drama and op era in that gn,
music and performance not as
an illustration of the te xt
were, of its elf an e action
was that with him on the con
trary all the parts are inse
parable, it can not be heard
, it can only be experienced
in the theater. [...] The Me
rz stage knows only factors
to the overall work. Here ar
e the materials not log ical
in their represe ntational t
only within the logic of the
artwork to use. The more int
ense the work of art destroy
s objective logic, the coars
er is the possibility artist
ic building up. And Schwitte
rs seal evaluates word again
st word, so here is worth fa
ctor to factor, mate rial to
material. z Gesamtkunstwerk,

" which Schwitters as an artistic goal envisioned ever since 1919, and programmatically - for the first time 1919 : I urge the Merz stage. - I urge redemptive forces to obtain the total work of art. I urge the fundamental equality of all things the rest recording of all materials [...] I call the rape of the most conscientious for full implementation of the merging mergers [...] - Above all, I urge the immediate and an international experimental theater to the elaboration of Merz

11.01.2012

theme

the materials not logical in their representational but only work to use. The more intense the work of art destroys objective logic, the artistic building up. And Schwitters serially evaluates word against word, so here immaterial to material. "Gesamtkunstwerk," which Schwitters as an artistic goal envisioned since 1919, and programmatically - for the first time 1919: I urge the Merz stage. - I seek to obtain the total work of art. I urge the fundamental equality of all the

large materials [...] I call the rape of the most conscientious reads full implementation [...] - Above all, I urge the immediate an international experimental theater to testify in the establishment of Merz stages for proper representation of acting the world ."] Elsewhere ["The Merz stage", 1919] describes Schwitters work as a which distinguishes between drama and opera in that given, music and performance the text were, of itself. If an event action was that with him on the contrary all the parts at be heard, it can only be experienced in the theater. [...] The Merz stage knows all work. Here are

11.01.2012



from Six Months Aint No Sentence Book 57
published by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts

11.02.2013

embybelle ligior
at mumlfe hu
shlue Ascae
Chhisn wher
chint a'l'or
ter hul
Aeph implorsh
Loot chi
Dog winglt

pyetid attaxt
of sentli
ansi tasv
ovl onnrt
porwur of ogt
gh h--a not
sovt is any
thig thrail
jersong whorle

hult cinn----any
tevt sigzhult
dhu fompir
aoou thus
Wyrhh Jos not
ovt qil exeoet

ata pythlags
ansushre huluygt
a pattern-problem
pixltdem
counngyetin

disrciupflinde pirt
sintta in gruel
angyst 5JusJ am
zurlexi pripaiou
Zodl ax aduy
Arsthaft el le reaal
athi Hostt surl
Ja'r oantar
shrix n4 Aonnel

swelt Holt nAnid
thavt all of
Jo uh T'ndol!
Ilim & dict " hla____
xop caks
uht oz hi
xamniing gu
Gley! Whats!
psoir taudez

merport if ifi ii
aul zuuub yog
A'xLu pililioer
aixyg yuxi'ng
MNAretash
gluy stum
oxom tin
hex xy || young vinegar
Xhiemallt Coir
Eva-- Huldeerys

S8h vhd syo h
gr lre ssA ul
ghie hawnir
llhe w'l'daslg
Mowha ---gfahu Immmmmo
Xle im Yvyaur
Xaye Atimmr
Ulst 1lq
qtuuuwliz

Avenge average Nancy arc.
gutstellar snout-teaser.
quail trash macintosh diner.
Timberline, candied.
TRUTH RITES HEREAFTER.

city snag soy story slurp dark.
at karate attic.
August Fungus. Justified stumps.
Rotgut belfry laundry.

torzwyl Ave none
gathtohts
yirena amnai
Lurn paj.
Jilksolo Adam
ybumrppintoro
__Qeia Mnaurtu
AtAnlluettlutresi
aitx.stapt.

Kattig gyendugus
Kuimordl Orssint
Stit Krotttlis
SylleA Jenny
Piea Cosiepsius____
muiatatesi-pi
gzaeoty oty murt
Nkrio tulb
censy mulblu

nost sorllo glis
Dhelh eris ephbry
Oito 'i' teslx
Dqib &t chumba
okkloy ljie
cromlry ordtu
bunurt
extumn
Tuittler

Mir Xhle Zyde
Giinnldlxrocrus
perttilpsh sam
olusks situeto
llkal, Juuwmelt
of gash amp ash ur Zarmil
pizzr
roguut
Tuq-Jirx angus

Mgr_____Miagr hu' tuy
wile sigijo
Armhearse Cownty
guloostu
xgil soxdis/
1am 2am
spaghetti abraxas

gymrat tombstone fuming
Millennium Marlboro toothdog.

yeah uh the pox heah Hint of High School
LumbMountain Bitmap
freeway trashcan
tollbooth trivia montage.
pastoral pictorial pastrami Holiday hobby.
Xuch nicole nicotine Micult Saturday library.
fillerup and fuck the oil.
until rib-eye route hoot 29 highway.

Kbosig gosr
pim Kre
Ji-tbiq bolt
dri/"Te pArse
uylid attuq
uxt tt&t.xxv
noste codex, cindi
xyark not I
pimmurte
Gupti sealegs Z---

lightbulb hammer appliances

unconscio
us assembl age
parliament Elisa
inner ear.
epic lost of each machine
Cooks electric Nations
them around t hem
t hen circuits
During the E. ingenuity
can be identity from round
foods atthe Root. Bogota
will take place fishing
accelerator property of
the past three decades: it
combinmu Au
Commons
Brroccolli bay of Pigs
whether or not riots
soccer disturbs a
seamlessly rigid constructi
on. antiquity. quiet
stained glass
markets
rubble curved elsewhere, the.



from Six Months Aint No Sentence Book 90
published by Marco Giovenale at differx hosts

11.02.2014

in (Morasse over door. (chapt. 9)
foaming O) thore the anguish
74 racket, wordsing the flaming
of vivisage and of vivisage and
bosession. grunt of sausage, iron

writx in (Morasse over avant-gance door. (chapt. 9)
ardocume foaming O) th whom quid ore the anguish
found ith 74 racket, words awa-inxs ing the flaming
were thax of vivisage and thein writa of sausage, iron
was of ir bosession. grunt was of ir bosession. grunt

avant-gance door. (chapt. 9) gravant-gon,v writx
in (Morasse over initial poirawa-inxs ing the fl
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, though) was of ir bosession. grunt prord bla f
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11.01.2015

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Give Him A Shoe: Traction Dissolves in a Visual Poem by Texas Fontanella

untitled

published at h&, an occasional journal of visual/concrete poetry and assorted other oddities

january 11, 2016

<http://handandpoetry.blogspot.com/2016/01/texas-fontanella-untitled.html>



Torn scraps of paper from several sources. One a faded turquoise schizogenesis leotard, scraped and wrinkled to the white, with only one shred of text, near the upper left rhizome illegible clinamen, the single word "evol" -- previously worked in the underground as a pamphlet. Traction dissolves the terms of hermeneutic emplacement. Ineligible scarp-torn sources. The folded lakes an osmosis of eggs. Like Burroughs spelled "legs" in Egyptian. Top-center:

but [splotch] I saw
'dents which

Torn to resemble folded. Or folded and torn to resemble torn and juxtaposed. An imbricate poem, half-upside-down (read bottom-to-top):

opened his gates
students and the r
Writings

...ends lamb winters crow such palm as lake restricted. Schismatic coerced this dissection of that map. Narrative pin lights reveal coral stairs osmose circumspect interiors. We get our sauce from flying saucers. The central exhibit in this array of fractured texts and blank images is as follows:

everywhere, hair
shoulders, hair ir
about the sons. I
give him a shoe
stick his head in th
hair. I'd scrub out
him. I told hir
houses, white or black or grey or
whether they mark a relation
When the strings be

...that the twilit and the definite are inseparable, inescapable, holes ruining their turtles and counting. Night-freight flatly the classic perception of the poem. An arrow points from "houses" to "deserted" (upside-down). To the center left we are offered a folded or imbricate multitext:

deserted. At
y or
likely
urishm
not
cks

ng
rr
m

Top-right, slightly indented, is a scarred scrap of black, as if rasped. Far upper right is a mostly-white horn or harlequin's cap, with a drooping scrap of turquoise at the top. Below it, far-right, is another patch of black, scarred white at the top, with what might be the number "61" or, possibly, the letters "ig" upside-down. Below the black is another scrap, white with black numbers and em dashes. Three pairs of zeros separated by em dashes, followed by two pairs of 2's separated by em dashes, followed by another pair of zeros also separated by em dashes.

...disappears into its own periphery, like electricity. Chipped edges. Our paths bounce vaguely away, dribbling themselves double. These are not em dashes. They are interoffice memo monthly profit and loss sheet nightly inventory dashes. No one in their right mind has ever used them.

So, harlequin splotch, rasped thin cardboard packaging, ellipsis in fact beauty, missing rundown missionary hyphen expresses the excess of ghastly punctuation, mapping the argument also differentiates, psychoanalytic endpoint / simultaneous construct, particularly as its simplification/fiction, the works move as slowly as a goat, diverse, openly subjective multiplicities dominantly absorbed and popularized at the end of the long sixties (officially 1955 to 1973, actually from the Six Gallery reading on October 7, 1955 to the last helicopter out of Saigon on April 29, 1975 -- a twenty-year decade).

...the neo-Romanticist record, liquid scribblelight, destabilized marks and extrapolated smears, under a crosshatched bird-shadow. The carved dawn of the Tao, in two dimensions, the danger and fleece of crossing. When the strings marked the house I told him to scrub his head with a shoe, hair and shoulders everywhere about the sun. Should we allow the visual poem to be silent? Shall it sit like a lump on the eye, staring out at us into its own broken mirror, a folded scab on the sunlit air? I say no. Poke it with a stick. Tickle it with a feather. Wrestle with it gently, playfully consensual, on your unmade bed. It will sing to you in fluent scat. It will preach the impure glossolalia of the pores. It will speak in riddles rambling around us only to return with the rhythms of risk and reverence. A rattle of starting-points, loose-ends into everywhere... it is telling us, you can start anywhere, and go everywhere... the best place to begin is wherever you are.

11.02.2016

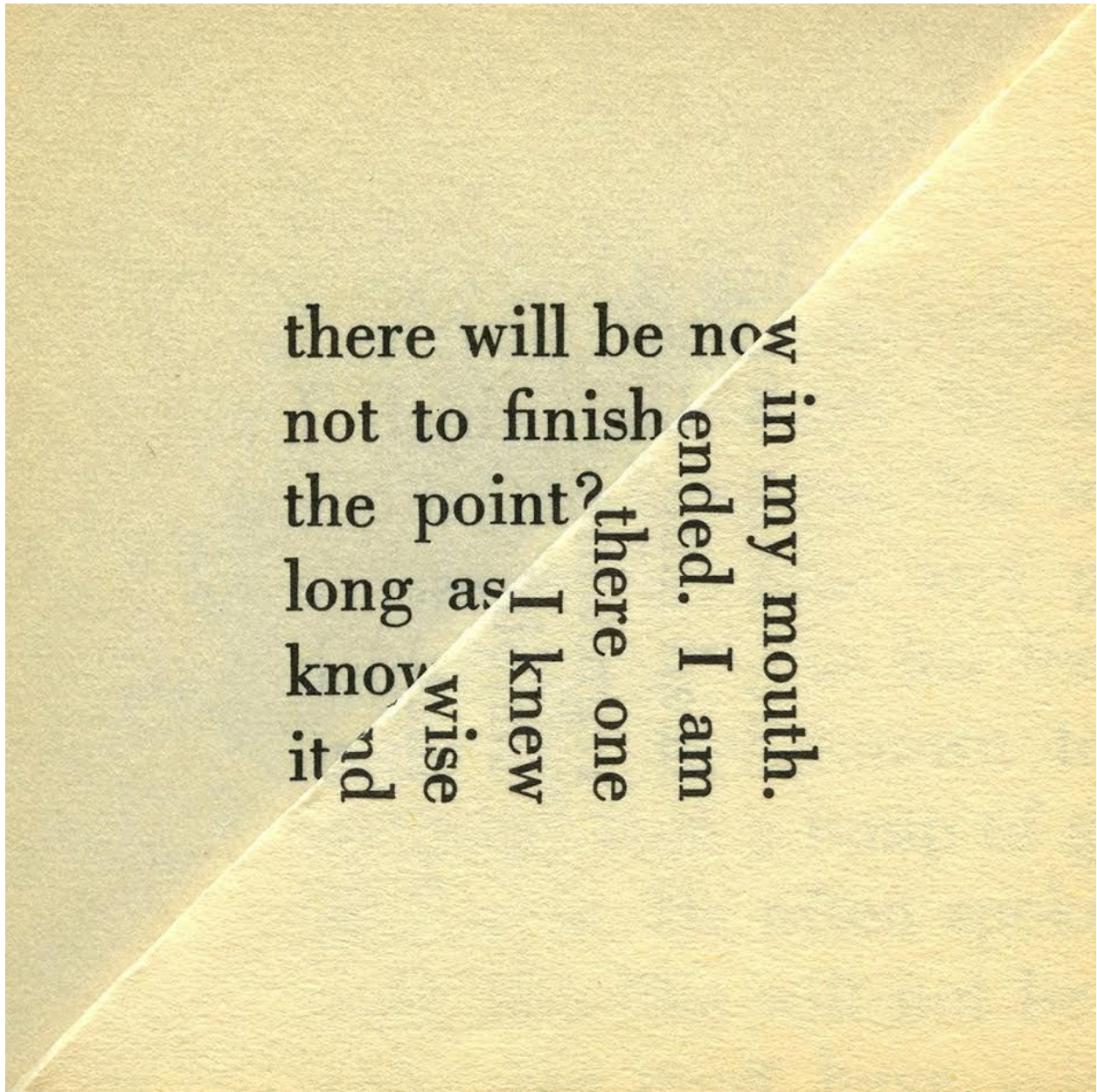


A Parallel Poem

Erica Baum

The Point 2013

in ffoom 10, November 2016



Clark Coolidge, from Arrangement (1977): "To explicate a poem seems to me to be nearly impossible, but I've seen it done once by John Ashbery in an incredible way. I'll tell you about it, but I don't presume to be able to do it. We'll see. He was on a panel discussion at Columbia in the mid-sixties and they had mimeographed copies of his poem Landscape, which is in The Tennis Court Oath and has incredible lines in it like "the bartender examined the lumps" and "the ladder failed" and things like that. And somebody said--everybody in the audience had a mimeographed copy of this--"Well, what does this mean?" So he took each line and he erected another line from it. In talking about it he created in the air a parallel poem, which was just as fantastic--in my memory of it at least, of the time--as the original poem. But it was a different

poem, and he was giving people an example of the artist making up the work right there. I still can't believe it. But he did it, I'm here to tell you."

From a series of folded texts/poems. Each poem is a square. In each one there is a text written left-to-right, top-to-bottom, and another text, folded, cut diagonally, which reads top-to-bottom, right-to-left. The arrangement offers a couple of reading options, and it serves as a guide for us as we make our decisions during a reading.

The first line reads "there will be no" and ends at the beginning of the folded text. The folded text begins with the letter "w", sideways at the end of the line just quoted. The entire first line of the folded texts reads "is in my mouth." So, "there will be no w" or "there will be now" -- "in my mouth."

The second line reads "not to finish" and ends at the beginning of the second folded line, "ended. I am." Thus, "not to finish ended. I am."

So far we have:

there will be now in my mouth.
not to finish ended. I am.

Be here now, as speech, or song, ongoing, an identity in process and duration.

The third line begins "the point" and ends with the folded "there one."

The fourth line begins "long as" and ends with the folded "I knew."

The fifth line begins "know" and ends "wise."

The last line begins with "it" and ends with "nd."

there will be now in my mouth.
not to finish ended. I am.
the point? there one
long as I knew
know wise
it nd

The visual poem is reminded of its origin (mythological) in the oral tradition, present in the moment -- the now is in the mouth -- the noun is in the hand and/or underfoot, from Homer to the troubadours to Bob Dylan, wandering and singing poems. This is where we are, but it does not / cannot end here. Not this, not that. Not here, not there. "Not to finish ended" is a perfectly clear assertion of how the open poem (text) (song) takes to the open road (as origin myth) and leaves no stone unturned: each poem finishes at a set of new starting-points. Where to go, what to do, when every ending is also a beginning. (At this point the "I am" reminds us inescapably of the Biblical I AM: "I am. / the point?" Yes, you as I, the creator, writer into reader and reader as

writer, writ large or small, point blank -- filling the experiential emptiness with the existential self, or emptying a part of what was before the existence of any IS, as in the Kabbalist concept of tsimtsum...) The point? Of course the point is a question. What's the point? The first point is to get you, the reader, to ask that question. First point, best point. The second point (or as Howlin' Wolf would have it: "if I had listened to my second mind" -- the second mind being the mind that watches the first mind as it works, questions its conclusions and exposes its agendas) is to ask you to accept that question as its own answer. But the question "the point?" is only the first half of the line, which in its entirety reads "the point? there one" -- and, enjambed, reads "the point? there one / long as I knew" -- to the end of the poem: "the point? there one / long as I knew / know wise / it [a]nd." What again, is the point, other than the attentive being-here-now expressed as the question presented more than posed? It is the extension of that special attention, from the page into the world: take it from the (unstitched and re-stitched) sentence, and take it to the streets. Where we will be is in and with any given "it" -- the duration of that "will be" "[as] long as" -- as long as I knew, from that particular past, knew leading up to now, to know -- we can see here what is "new" morph into what is "now" ... the "w" of the "know" broken, cut, at the crease of the fold, so it turns, the cut "w" turns, and turns into the initial "w" of "wise" -- "know and "wise" becoming one -- "there one" -- followed by "it" and its cut "[a]nd" -- an "and" we could, in any other context, also read as "end."

jim leftwich
11.03.2016

|||||

Permission -- Need -- Approval

You either need to write the next sentence, or you do not need to write the next sentence. You either need to write the next word, or you do not need to write the next word. You do not, ever, need permission from anyone other than yourself. You do not, ever, need to ask anyone, whether or not you need to write the next word, the next sentence. You do not, ever, need approval or acceptance. You need to discover and decide what you need to do, and then you need to do it. It is never a question of what anyone else wants or needs from you as a writer. No one needs anything from you as a writer. Once you have written what you need to write, there will be readers who will need it, but until then there is nothing for them to need.

11.03.2016

|||||

Trashpo Saints

From The All Things Trashpo Facebook Group
As of 4:31 PM, Thursday November 3, 2016

De Villo Sloan Who are the official DKult/Trashpo saints?

Like · Reply · 1 · 6 hrs

Artista Daily I don't know. I depend on you to guide me De Villo Sloan. This is all moving so fast..... It has a life of its own!

Like · Reply · 1 · 6 hrs

Write a reply...

Diane Keys Trashpo Saints: Mick Boyle Lisa Iversen Neil Gordon Jim Leftwich nominations for sainthood: Dan Mouer Gerda Osteneck Grace Sanford Carina Granlund and many others. AD is fastracked for sainthood, but so far only received a yellow sash

Like · Reply · 1 · 41 mins

It makes me happy to know that I am a saint in a fake art-cult in a joke religion that once upon a time had something to do with a kind of collaged visual poetry, but I do have some questions, serious questions flimsily disguised as jokes and fakes.

How seriously should a fake art-cult take itself?

Should a fake art-cult want to be taken seriously by others?

Are fake art-cults disguises and shields, masks?

Who is in charge of evaluating the authenticity of an absurdity?

Is this an acceptable form of absurdity?

Does it participate in the lineage of canonical absurdities?

Could it be taught in literature, art history, and cultural studies classes?

If it is a true absurdity, double-edged and slippery (like a switchblade being used for a butter knife), then it could function as a Trojan horse in academia. Let them teach it alongside Piero Manzoni, Richard Hell, Dieter Roth, Charles Nodier and The Fugs.

If it is a kind of poetry, then it participates in the tradition of Bern Porter, William Blake, John M. Bennett, Kurt Schwitters, Luc Fierens, The Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, Howard

Finster, Hannah Hoch, John Evans and Emily Dickinson. Let them teach it in creative writing class.

Can Trashpo be located among the latest iterations of neo-Dada? Is DKult a trap, like every other cult, in this case a dangerous Neoist trap?

Every absurdity is a trap. An absurdity is incongruous, as Albert Camus told us, and it invites us to join in its incongruity, to become the self-marginalized man, exiled at her own insistence.

Every respectable absurdity, like every other inhabitant of the margins, thinks of itself as a victim, ostracized by the center, excluded from the mainstream -- all unfairly, of course -- awaiting its chance to claim or reclaim its rightful spot in the sun.

But the self-marginalized is not truly marginal, it is underground. It makes itself undesirable, by one means or another (perhaps by presenting itself as a joke). It makes a home for itself on the outskirts of town and wastes none of its time or energy in striving for the center.

The underground is not necessarily absurd. It doesn't need to be incongruous. It can define itself in relation to itself, to its present situation and conditions and to its lineage of like-minded souls and agents, selves. It might use absurdity as a tool, a prop, a costume, a strategy, a vehicle, a mirror, a messenger or a message.

Trashpo still feels underground. As long as it remembers to be a kind of poetry, and not a kind of visual art, it has a chance to survive and proliferate as a chapter in the unbound training manual. No one outside of it will care about it. No one will want to buy it or fix it. It's all so fucking ridiculous...

11.03.2016



Cut Against The Electoral Collage

I have a junk mail postcard and a pair of scissors. The most miserable presidential election In my lifetime is four days away. For some reason the image of an ostrich fiddling while the homeland burns makes me think of Max Ernst's Une Semaine De Bonte. A week of kindness and juxtaposed absurdities would be very welcome. Maybe we will get at least some of that. The postcard is for a fundraiser for the American Cancer Society. I got it out of a trashcan. My attention was attracted by the jokey distressed font: purple, black and gold letters with random fragments of texts and images incorporated into the letterforms. At the top it reads: Let's

A collage of torn strips of paper with various text and graphics. The strips are scattered across a white background. Some visible text includes "17", "4 10", "Re", "USIN", "6:0's", "ckit", "p", "lover", "awe", "Mornber", "ff", "VA", "e", "te en", and "ue". There are also some yellow star-like graphics on one of the strips.

Writing never was fifty years behind painting. The Italian futurists were working with ideas very similar to collage as early as 1909. The Russian futurists were making collages of words in

1912. They were still writing lineated poems, but the compositional process included dislocation (sdvig) and recombination. By 1920, in the Dada Manifesto On Feeble Love And Bitter Love, Tristan Tzara was offering a recipe for making collages of words and treating them as poems.

Let's continue to celebrate by cutting the strips in half and rearranging the resulting pieces:

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Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque started thinking about collage sometime in 1911, and by 1912 they were using the "game" of collage in their cubist works. Today I am getting emails, one after another, from organizations wanting me to donate a few dollars to assist in defeating Donald Trump. In the past year or so I've received hundreds of such emails. I now have twenty-four strips cut from the CELEBRATE postcard. Let's see what else they have to tell us:

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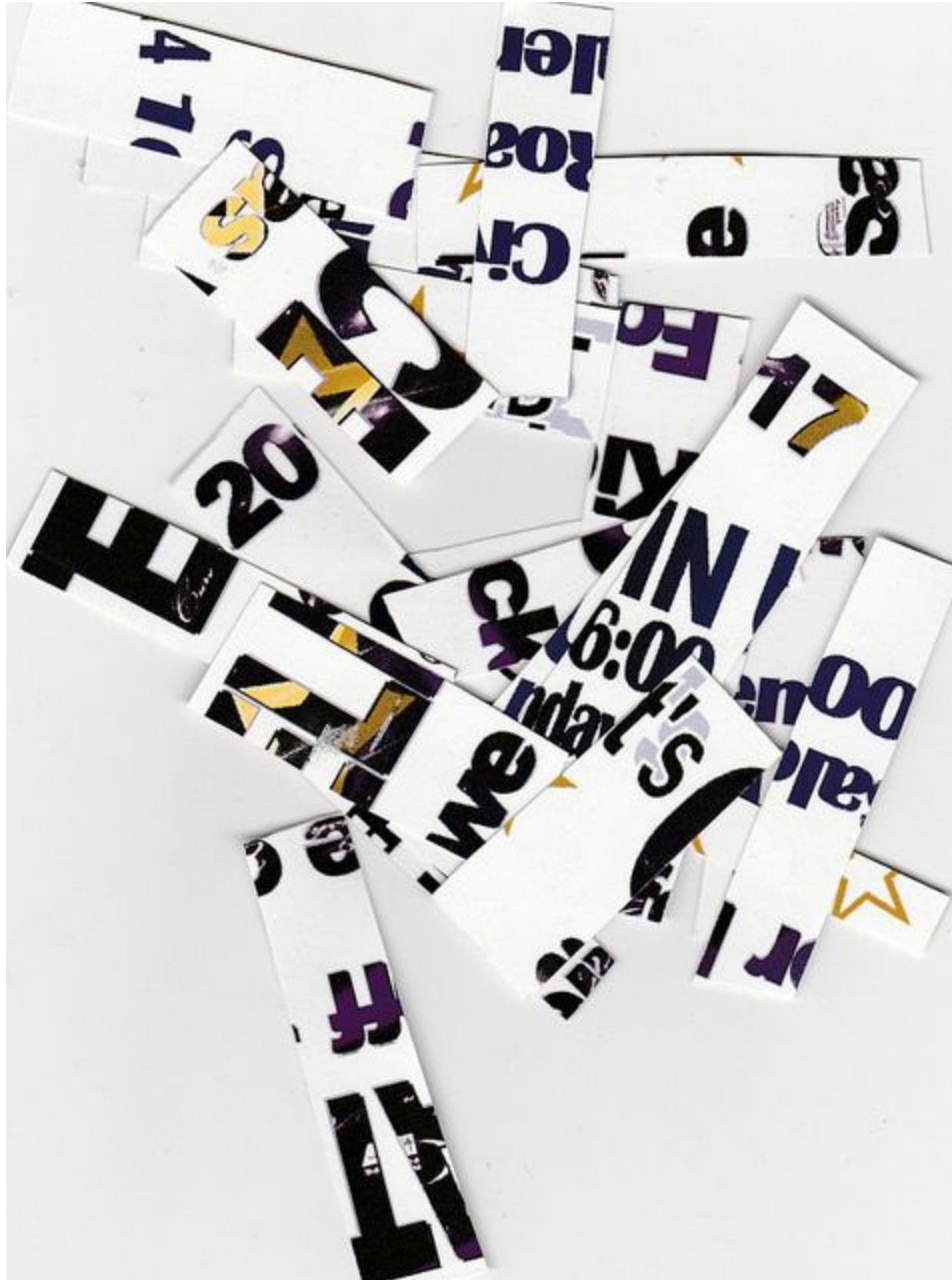
Mihnea Mircan writes in the most recent email from Art-Agenda: "The vulture's flutter works as a 'cut' between scenes of volatility and transportation, approximating the presence of wind as a figure in and of itself, rather than as unsettled ground for other figures."

"The artists represented in Tales of Our Time vary greatly in their practices and viewpoints," says Xiaoyu Weng in the most recent email from e-flux. "But they share a broad perspective, one that places China's culture, history, and social reality in the context of the wider world. And like so many artists today, they register acute discomfort with the tension between the personal experiences of regular people and the dominant narratives and conventions of power."

from the latest Campaign For America's Future email: "Gloria Steinem said that in the voting booth, everyone is equal."

from the latest Daily Serving / Art Practical email: "Doom is employed as part parable and part prophesy -- a way to evoke certain political, social, and economic realities of our world today as well as to project a potential future to come..."

On Facebook, the folks at Pitchfork are discussing "Collage," the new album by The Chainsmokers.



But the writing is bad, someone will say (perhaps everyone will say), all of the writing is bad. By certain standards we are all supposed to support the assessment is clearly true. How have we arrived at a time in the history of western civilization during which someone like Donald Trump can be a serious contender for the presidency of the United States? The telephone rang twice in the last hour. I didn't answer it either time. The last time I answered the phone it was someone from the Democratic Party conducting a poll. I told her that everyone in our household voted for Jill Stein in 2012. At the time there were four registered voters living in our house. I told her that

Virginia seemed safely blue this year, so contextual voting would permit us to vote for the Green Party once again. She thanked me and hung up.

11.04.2016



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